



# KING'S HALL

1938

# King's Hall

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KING'S HALL, COMPTON, QUE.

# KING'S HALL MAGAZINE COMMITTEE



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EVELYN CONSTANTINE - - - *V-a*  
ELIZABETH BEVAN - - - - *V-b and IV.*

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## EDITORIAL

Our Magazine this year goes to press under a double handicap—a new Editor, and a shorter Summer Term than usual. The first disadvantage has been to some extent overcome by a very energetic and informative Committee, whom we take this opportunity of thanking. The result of the second was, that the “last day for contributions” seemed to arrive with hair-raising speed, and the usual system of charts and competitions had to be simplified. However, the customary small prizes of tuck were offered, and the response was, on the whole, very good.

The number of photographic entries was surprisingly small in view of the number of cameras (“candid” and otherwise) seen about the school. Possibly most of the pictures obtained are too “candid” for publication!

A more serious complaint is the disappointing lack of advertisements obtained by the School. The short notice we were able to give is partly (but not entirely) to blame. A very early start is indicated next year.

We take pleasure in thanking all contributors, successful or otherwise; all who generously advertised in this issue, and everyone who has helped in any way to make the magazine a success.

The new cover, submitted by Phoebe Anne Freeman in last year's competition, has been adopted to succeed the 1937 Coronation cover, and we congratulate her upon her artistic design.



### THINGS THEY TELL US

#### a.—Historical.

1. “In old English villages, the pigs went into the woods to eat grapenuts.”

*Our unkind commentator observes that in modern schools they often go into the dining-room for the same purpose.*

2. “The houses in Saxon villages were built far apart because they were afraid of fire, and didn't want their neighbours snooping around.”

*Or their neighbours' pigs walking off with the breakfast cereal?*

3. “In the Nineteenth Century, people slowly began to realize how important personal sanity was.”

*Unfortunately they forgot again in the Twentieth.*

4. On the Indian Mutiny—“Some trouble arose over some greased partridges, which acted as a spark in a hayfield.”

*That should teach them to baste their partridges only while cooking.*

#### b. Geographical—

1. “If anyone dies in the Ganges River, it means internal rest for ever.”

*If anyone drinks of the Ganges River it probably doesn't!*

2. “The women of modern Egypt have probably never heard of Cleopatra . . . it is, however, hardly fair to say that they have no amusements.”

*After all, they have always Snow-White.*

3. On the choosing of the Grand Lama—“The priests are sent into the neighbouring villages to see what baby boys have been born. These are collected and put into a casket, and after much feasting and praying one is drawn out.”

*There is, of course, no S.P.C.C. in Thibet.*

#### c. Literary—

1. “The Elizabethan actors never wore any costumes.”

*Tut! Tut!*

2. “Olivia wore a veil upon her face which she removed when Viola entered.”

*We often wish we could do that with ours.*

3. “Shelley is sitting on a beautiful day, watching the dancing sea and the blue sky.”

*So much more sensible than sitting on the damp grass.*

#### d. Without Comment.—

1. “The Canon roared at break of day.”

2. “Any civilian known to contain secret papers was questioned.”

3. “We went out in the boats while the men hauled up the lobster-pots, and we also saw them being canned.”



## THE BANANA

My mother was a very young tree and I am her first son. I am quite old now, about two months of age. I have had several adventures, and these I am now going to relate, for I think you might like to hear the adventures of a banana.

I was five weeks old and my skin was just beginning to turn yellow when, one day, a man climbed up the tree and picked me off. I was very sorry to leave my mother without having a chance to say good-bye, but it really could not be helped. I soon forgot my loneliness in the bustle which followed. After being picked I was carefully put in a large basket, and, on looking around me, I saw many other bananas of about the same age as myself. When several more had joined us the basket was taken to a huge warehouse. Here we were all packed into large crates; most of the bananas belonged to bunches but there were quite a few loose ones like myself, and we were all put into the same crate. Then the top was fastened over us and the case pushed to one side.

After many hours of misery and suspense the crate was at last loaded onto a cart with several others. We were off on our travels! The ride to the station was very uncomfortable; we were all so close together that we continually collided with one another. Finally we reached our destination where we remained for several hours. I availed myself of the opportunity to snatch a few hours of sleep. When I awoke I found that we were moving again. The crate in which I was travelling, upon being questioned, told me that we were taking a train journey to the coast.

We reached the coast after a five days' journey and immediately upon our arrival, we were put aboard the ship, or at least so the box informed me. It was very stuffy down in the hold; there were so many of us in the crate that we were unable to breathe freely. The hold was very dark too, and every night I could hear the rats running about. They kept me awake so I was forced to sleep in the day time, though, goodness knows, there was very little difference between night and day in the hold. Making a voyage at sea is a great experience, but I hope that I shall never have occasion to make another.

We at last reached land again. It was four weeks since I was first put aboard the ship and, in the meantime, I had managed to make friends with several of the bananas near me. We made another short journey by train and then were driven, in a truck, to a huge store. Here we were all unpacked and put in the window to ripen. Do you realize that it was the first time I had seen bright sunlight for five weeks? The sun felt very warm and comforting and my skin soon turned yellow.

About a week ago I was put outside the store on a stand before the window. None of my friends were with me and I felt rather lonesome. However, I struck up an acquaintance with my two neighbours. This morning I was suddenly snatched off the stand by a small boy who ran off down the street with me. This same youngster is at this moment being rude enough to take off my skin. Oh, it feels cold without my yellow overcoat on! Come and help me! Hurry! The brute is biting me! Please hurry! Please! Please! Oh, I'm going, going, going . . .

H. CORBETT, VI-B.



## BELL'S RUSH !

*Time:*—The break of dawn—7.00 a.m.

*Place:*—K. H. C.

The bell rings and the scene opens in room 17 where two room-mates are quietly indulging in the restful occupation of sleep.

After some time one of the room-mates gets ambitious and opens her eyes and yawns.

*1st R.M.*—The bell's gone.

(No answer).

*1st R.M.*—I said the bell's gone !

*2nd R.M.*—Uh—huh. So what ?



*1st R.M.*—Aren't you going to get up ?

*2nd R.M.*—Nope. I'm staying in bed to-day.

*1st R.M.*—Oh ? How long are you going to stay in bed ?

*2nd R.M.*—Another five seconds.

*1st R.M.*—Well, good-bye.

*2nd R.M.*—Where are you going ?

*1st R.M.*—Well, seeing as we only have eight and a half minutes, I think I'll get up.

*2nd R.M.*—What ? Eight and a half ? Why didn't you say so ?

(With that they rush from the room).



(Soon they are back).

*2nd R.M.*—How much more time have we got ?

*1st R.M.*—Three minutes.

(The melody of the brass bell sounds).

*2nd R.M.*—Yeah ? Well, your three minutes are short.

(She begins to get dressed).

*1st R.M.*—Well, how did I know my watch was taking its time ?

*2nd R.M.*—Lend me a stocking ?

*1st R.M.*—Here !

(Throws one at her). Lend me a pair of black pants ?

*2nd R.M.*—Yes . . . oh where are they ?

(Throws a bunch of clothes on the floor).

Oh I can't find them !

*1st and 2nd R.M.*—Here they are. (They both dash for them).



2nd R.M.—Where's my tie?

1st R.M.—Where's my blouse?

2nd R.M.—I forgot to get my shoes shined.

1st R.M.—Just look at my hair!

2nd R.M.—It's no worse than mine! For Pete's sake why do they ring it so early?

1st R.M.—Maybe we stayed in bed too long.

2nd R.M.—Well, I need twelve minutes to wake up.

1st R.M.—Twelve?

2nd R.M.—Three minutes to realize the bell has gone; three minutes to open my eyes; three minutes to stretch and three minutes to yawn.

1st R.M.—I'm ready! Are you coming?

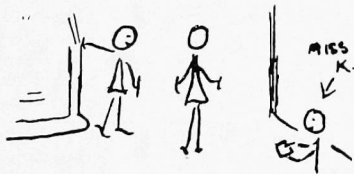
2nd R.M.—Sure, if no one cares if I'm only half dressed.

(They dash downstairs and see Miss K. standing there taking down their names).

1st R.M.—Goodness! We're late!

2nd R.M.—I wonder why?

Written by JEAN M. BUTLER  
Illustrated by BARBARA STOKES.



## BARRENNESS

The fallen leaves lie scattered o'er the land,  
Flung down by autumn winds; as dead as they,  
My thoughts are strewn around my heart. All  
life

Has fled from them with warmth and sunlight; so  
My thoughts have sere and withered grown, as  
though

My heart were one with Nature, and, with her,  
Had taken all their pulsing blood, and tossed  
Their fainting forms about my barren mind.

OLWEN JONES, VI-A.



## BLACK AND WHITE

I have two little puppies,  
One's black and one is white;  
And all day long these little pups  
Just play with all their might.

They eat and sleep and play, it seems  
To me that's all they do.  
They're perfectly contented with  
Just something nice to chew.

One night I heard a rumpus  
Down in our living-room.  
I tore down-stairs, the cause to find,  
And peered into the gloom.

I found the switch, and lit the light,  
And there to my disgust,  
I found our lovely living-room  
Was awfully, awfully mused.

The cushions ripped and on the floor  
Lay my new mending box,  
And spools of thread and needles  
Were spread like chicken-pox.

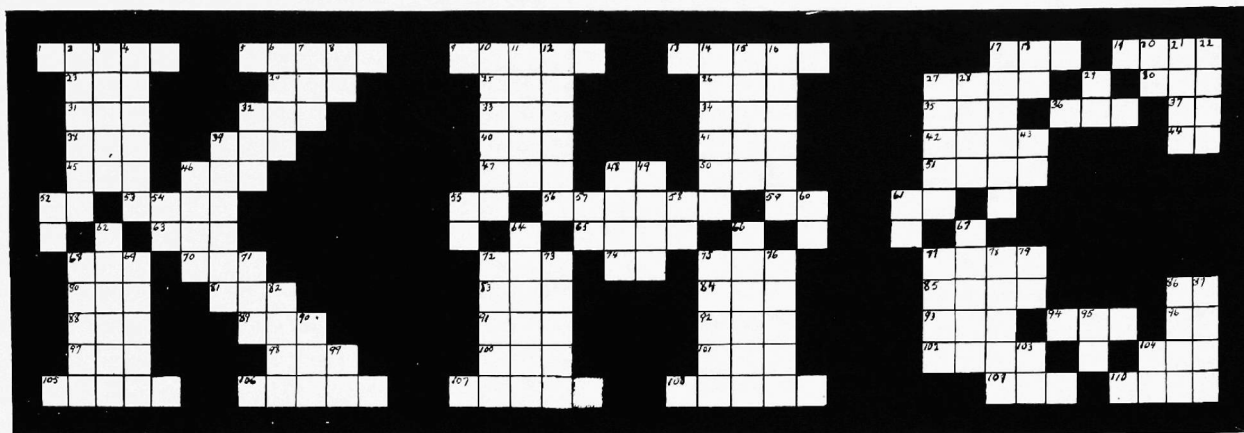
The scissors on the sofa  
And my needles in the rug,  
While, on the floor, all smashed to bits  
Was Jim's old drinking-mug.

Beneath the sofa, I could see,  
Tails white and black, and small.  
It didn't take me long to know,  
Those tails had done it all.

BARBARA CRONYN, VI-B.

# MATRIC HOROSCOPE

Name	Nick-name	Favorite Expression	Pastime	Pet Aversion	Future
MISS SAMPSON	Sammy	Don't forget the "e" in Bismark.	Running baths then singing in them	Jergens Lotion	Metropolitan
DIANA BALDWIN	Di	What a future !	Mother to the Bag sisters	People who use big words	Mannequin
SHEILA BIRKS	She	Don't mind me	Minding other people's business	People who sit on her bed	Switch-board operator.
CYNTHIA COCHRANE	Tim	It's a lie	Asking foolish questions	Being laughed at	Head of a school without lessons
BERYS COLE	Boris	But <b>I</b> thought. . .	That boarding-house reach	Singing	Silence is golden
LORRAINE CUMMING	Lainie	Never a dull moment	Writing letters	School in general	Teaching rugby
MARGARET DAVIS	Mickey	Where's my Cicero ?	Working	Being beaten on the mark-sheet	Night-club (?) dancer.
ROMA DODDS	Ro	Where's Rena ?	Telling Rena what to do	People who don't bring food back	Blushing-bride(?)
MARY FOWLER	Fowler	Shux Maw	Opening her camera with the film in it.	Bugs	Duck-farm (there's a point to this even if you don't get it)
PATSY HANSON	Pat	It's a riot	Playing her accor-dion	Cats	Sleeping marathon
JOAN HOW	How	What ? What's this ?	Studying	Snakes (human ones)	Reading Garibaldi
AUDREY KERRIGAN	Junior	Wh-a-a-t ?	Those operations	Eating	Putting on weight
JOSETTE LACAILLE	Josy	Will you go to your classes <b>now</b> please ?	Taking pictures	Anything in pants (trousers)	'Round and 'round the world
RENA LUTON	Ree	Where's Roma ?	Telling Roma what to do	Those that don't like farms	Dress-maker
SALLY MACKEEEN	Sal	Strange	Saraka	Wasps	Singing in a night-club (Harlem)
ANN NICHOLSON	Nickie	(Censored)	Men	Getting fatter	Keeping up that school-girl complexion
LYN PEPLER	Lyn	Jeepers Creepers	French	Bells—but NOT Wedding Bells	Nobody knows
LOUISE PHILLIPPS	Lulu	This time it's the real thing	Making herself heard	Monitresses who disappear	Undecided
MARY CLAIRE REA	M-C	101, 102, 103, counting letters from ? ?	Reading letters	No mail—or male	201, 202, 203
AUDREY RITCHIE	Pussy	(Censored)	Playing cards with Punchy	Work in general	<b>Planning</b> a trip around Europe
ELSPETH RUSSELL	Russ	How much Virgil did <b>you</b> do ?	Exercising	Latin	Advertisement for baby powder
ELIZABETH STRONG	Licky	Oh ! Emmy !	Keeping her form amused	People who remark about her correspondence	Marrying someone she's never seen
MARY WARD	Emmy	Gosh, I'm ten stamps out again	Correcting the world in general	People who talk in prep.	Organ-grinder
ANN WIGLE	Wiggle	Stop Tacking !!	Rising at the first tinkle of the rising-bell	Mice	Good or bad, we don't know
THE FORM	Matric	What's the time now ?	Dreaming of days to come	Extra Latin lessons	Débutantes (?)



## HORIZONTAL

- 1-Sudden descent of Police (pl.)
- 5-Dead language.
- 9-What we get Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.
- 13-Rank
- 17-Past tense of "get"
- 19-One of the limbs of a bird.
- 23-The train we go home on.
- 24-2,000 lbs.
- 25-Surname of one of our prefects.
- 26-First name of a famous orchestra leader.
- 27-Matrices ambition is to be —
- 30-Human being.
- 31-Girl's name.
- 32-Digit of foot.
- 33-Humans.
- 34-Slang for a silly person.
- 35-Lubricate.
- 36-Policeman.
- 37-Iowa (abbr.)
- 38-Utter of a cat.
- 39-Male sheep.
- 40-Officer asst. general (abbr.)
- 41-Is (Fr.)
- 42-Eye amorously
- 44-Lieutenant (abbr.)
- 45-Before long.
- 46-Seat in church.
- 47-Colour stain.
- 48-Prefix.
- 50-Born.
- 51-Person or thing close at hand.
- 52-Upon
- 53-Cut grain.
- 55-Bachelor of Arts.
- 56-He helps on the farm.
- 59-Our German teacher (initials).
- 61-Expression of admiration.
- 63-Ireland.
- 65-Bird food.
- 68-Feminine Pronoun.
- 70-Name of salts.
- 72-Small child.
- 74-Steamship (abbr.)
- 75-Confirmed drunkard.
- 77-Slang for "go away".
- 80-Plant whose fruit is a pod containing seed.
- 81-Address label.
- 83-Street (Fr.)
- 84-Wall (Fr.)
- 85-Suffix meaning "of the nature of."
- 86-Bishop (abbr.)
- 88-Soften by soaking.
- 89-Summit.
- 91-Donkey (Fr.)
- 92-Formerly.
- 93-Bachelor of Laws (abbr.)
- 94-King's Hall, Compton.
- 96-Behold.
- 97-Employ for a purpose.
- 98-Slang expression for "no."
- 100-Famous movie studio (abbr.)
- 101-Call for an answer.
- 102-Nourish.
- 104-Moreover.
- 105-Years between 13 and 19.
- 106-Famous Russian leader.
- 107-Estimate value of taxation.
- 108-Force.
- 109-Angling utensil.
- 110-Long doleful cry.

## VERTICAL

- 2-Penetration.
- 3-Interior.
- 4-Sliding receptacle.
- 6-Body too small to be divided.
- 7-Fore part of hoof.
- 8-Within.
- 10-Spanish fleet.
- 11-Necessary.
- 12-One who moves with rhythmical steps.
- 14-Dirge.
- 15-Misuse.
- 16-Breed of dog.
- 17-Miss Gillard's nickname.
- 18-Covering.
- 20-I am.
- 21-Claw.
- 22-Small fly.
- 27-Structure growing in the jaw.
- 28-Far above ground.
- 29-In the direction of.
- 32-A marble.
- 39-Regret.
- 43-Old genitive termination to give adverbial force.
- 46-Trim.
- 48-Monkeys.
- 49-Insects producing honey.
- 52-Preposition.
- 54-East Indies (abbr.)
- 55-Occupy such a position.
- 57-We.
- 58-Rural District (abbr.)
- 60-Expression of joy.
- 61-Preposition denoting place.
- 64-Where we recline.
- 66-Pursue.
- 67-School (Fr.)
- 68-Passage through which metal is poured.
- 69-Consumed.
- 71-Grain.
- 72-Street cars.
- 73-Pours.
- 75-Daub.
- 76-Journeys.
- 77-Individual.
- 78-Inn.
- 79-Cross the—
- 82-Lost.
- 86-Puff.
- 87-We have it, but seldom use it.
- 90-Yield gold.
- 95-Masculine pronoun.
- 99-West Indies (abbr.)
- 103-Perform.
- 104-Towards.



## THE BUSTED ARM

Old man Richards had a busted arm, all decked out in a cast and everything, but Richards didn't appreciate the neat job Doc. Stephen had made of it; all he could say concerning that arm and especially the hard plaster cast was:

"Ah Doc.! this here contraption is going to get in my way an awful lot, do I have to have it on for long?"

"About six weeks Mr. Richards. You may feel a little helpless with it for a while, but soon you'll get so used to only using one arm that you'll hardly notice it at all. In fact, it may even come in useful you know."

"Did you say useful Doc.? Why this is the worst thing that ever happened to me. A busted arm—and you call it useful . . . Bah !"

About three weeks later Richards decided to go to the big city—an over-night train trip from his home. He took his wife too, because she had not been there for four years, and he figured that if he took her he'd be less picked on when he got back—besides he had to have somebody to help him with his arm. Richards told her she could come along and then wished he hadn't because she immediately bought three new dresses and a hat, so she'd look "respectable", and when he objected she called him an old miser. Maybe he was an old miser who had twenty thousand dollars in the town bank; but it was wicked to spend money, and who would help his son and daughters when he was gone? Maybe he had better do as his wife said, and take the money to a real good strong bank in the city where it would be safe for sure, not that he was taking her advice. No sir!—he had decided himself and he'd take the money with him, he wouldn't have any of his kin wanting after he had died. That twenty-thousand would go with him to-night.

Old man Richards took the upper berth, because it wasn't right for a woman to sleep up there and besides, he could hear better if somebody came snooping around after that money. Most everyone in town knew about it, and although nobody from home was going to the big

city that night, somebody might . . . well you never could tell, and just to be sure Benjamin Richards was going to be on the look out. He took the suitcase containing the money into his berth with him, and he didn't go to sleep—at least he hadn't figured on it. When he awoke from a doze the train was jolting along as it had been for hours. Richards lay there for a while, then sat up, and peeked through the curtains that were half open. He saw something move below him and leaned over a little more, a man was standing there looking into his wife's berth, then he leaned down and carefully drew her bag out, opened it, and started rummaging through it. That was enough for Richards—a thief after his money—all right. If only he had something to crack over his head. His suitcase was too heavy to lift with only one arm; and then . . . THUD. . . Benjamin Richards brought his busted arm, nice hard plaster cast and all, down with all his strength on that thief's head. The man sank down without a sound and half fell across his wife's berth . . . . .

A scream. Voices. A Porter. Angry but inquisitive faces were there below, but old man Richards just sat and chuckled to himself and muttered:

"Guess maybe a busted arm can come in useful after all . . . . IF you know how to use it."

JOY THOMSON, *Domestic Science*.



## SUNSET

When the Sun bids the Moon good-night  
His kiss to her is a delight,  
Though it makes the poor maiden blush,  
O'er her face steals a rosy flush.

When the Sun bids Dame Hills good-night,  
His kiss to her is so polite,  
As if reminding of her age—  
It makes the Dame grow blue with rage.

MEG. AITKEN, VI-B.

Slutches are a group of five;  
 They have a winsome way (?)  
 At night they keep the hall alive,  
 And slumber through the day.

Laughing in the silence-time,  
 And yelling in the noise;  
 In order-marks they do decline,  
 And miss the week-end joys.

Under cans the bed does sag,  
 Fruit and cake appear,  
 Open is the laundry-bag;  
 The Slutches know no fear (?)

They swim in ponds both large and bright,  
 In puddles wide and deep,  
 And in the bath each Sunday night  
 They have a swimming meet.

Cupboard doors are opened wide,  
 The hinges fly apart  
 From weight of girls who crowd inside,  
 At teacher's steps they dart.

How do these little Slutches grow  
 So wise and sweet and tender?  
 'Cause now they have reformed, you know.  
 (Some think their chances slender!)

THE SLUTCHES.

(J. Thomson, E. Elder, G. Partridge, J. Holt,  
 H. Findlay).



### SLUTCHES' FEAST

Twinkle, twinkle, little light,  
 Shining through the crack so bright.  
 Will the Mistress see the gleam  
 Of thy strong and mighty beam?  
 For within the Slutches lie  
 Round about the cans piled high,  
 And the Slutches quivering, wade  
 Through the cake and lemonade,  
 Through the chicken bones and jam,  
 Through the grape-juice and the ham,

Through the salmon and sardines,  
 Through the peas and pork and beans.  
 When they all begin to eat  
 Comes the sound of tramping feet,  
 Twinkle, twinkle through the night  
 Teacher's flashlight shining bright!  
 Slutches rush the cupboard o'er!  
 Doors do bulge and beds do soar,  
 Carpets rise and floors do sag,  
 Slutches in the laundry bag.  
 When the mistress comes in sight  
 Nought but room-mates sleeping tight.  
 Suddenly in voice of doom  
 "Who's in this *revolling* room?"  
 Slutches come from far and near,  
 Under beds they do appear,  
 From floors they rise, from ceilings fall,  
 They come from cupboards, large and small.

JOY THOMSON *and*  
 E. ELDER.



### THE FIVE BAG SISTERS

Five little Bagletts  
 Standing on the floor,  
 One feigned pneumonia  
 And then there were four.  
 Four little Bagletts  
 Down on bended knee,  
 One got gated,  
 And then there were three.  
 Three little Bagletts,  
 Wearing tunics blue,  
 One got order-marks,  
 And then there were two.  
 Two little Bagletts  
 Looking rather dumb,  
 One smoked a "Sweet Cap"  
 And then there was one.  
 One little Baglett  
 Passed through VI-B.  
 Bring on the smelling salts!  
 I'm sure it wasn't me.

BARBARA CRONYN, VI-B.

## A TALE OF LONG AGO

*Time:*—In the early zeros when fairies came to every event and witches to every christening.

*Place:*—In the country of Imagination.

*Characters:*—Ramona.

Prince Brightness

Madame Cast A. Spell.

The Woodcutter, Hit A. Tree.

The Wife, Madame Hit A. Tree.

Mistress Bit of Happiness.

SCENE I—In a cottage on the edge of the Shadow Forest. The Woodcutter has just returned from his work and finds his wife weeping:

*Woodcutter:*—Why, what is it, my dear? Has the canary escaped or the cake burned black? If so, don't worry, for I won't scold you.

*Wife:*—Oh no, it's much worse than that! The canary did fly away but I found him in the garden of the wicked witch. But she found me there, shook her stick at me, and told me that I must give her our adorable Ramona when she is sixteen or something terrible will happen to us! Then she mumbled some words, shook her stick again, and the canary died! And look! My finger turned yellow! Oh, why did I ever go into her garden?

*Woodcutter:*—Don't cry, my dear. Why, we will hide Ramona and then the witch can't get her! (Suddenly the witch appears before them).

*Madame:*—Ha, Ha, so you are going to fool *me*, the great Madame Cast A. Spell? Hide Ramona, do! Ha, Ha!

*Wife:*—Oh, don't take our only child!

*Woodcutter:*—If you take her I'll chop your head off with my sharp axe!

*Madame:*—O, you will, will you? Well, to repay you for that remark, I'll take your daughter now! What is more, you will never see her again!

(Madame waves her stick, mumbling something like the alphabet all muddled up with Geometry and thumbleberry pie, and all is darkness. When the lights come back, Ramona and Madame have vanished completely).

*Wife:*—Oh, my darling child, will she hurt you? What shall we do without you? (sob).

*Woodcutter:*—There, there! Everything will be all right, I'm sure, for to-night I'll go to the witch's home and make her give back Ramona.

*Wife:*—Oh, please don't leave me! You would be killed!

*Woodcutter:*—Well, I won't go then, but I will visit the good fairy, Mistress Bit of Happiness. Maybe she can help us.

*Wife:*—Why, yes, perhaps she can! Oh, my darling child . . . (Curtain).

SCENE II—*Place:* At the good fairy's home.

*Fairy:*—Well, this is such a difficult problem that I cannot help you much. But I will tell you what I'll do. Go home now, and, when you reach the brook, stop, say the alphabet backwards nine times and there, under the oak-tree, you will find a baby boy who will soon take Ramona's place! As for Ramona, all I can promise is that someday you will see her again.

*Woodcutter:*—Thank you for being so kind. Good-bye!

*Fairy:*—Good-bye, and remember my instructions!

*Woodcutter:*—I will. (Exit).

*Fairy:*—Well, that's that. Little do they realize that it was I who put Ramona on their doorstep to keep her out of the clutches of the wicked witch. Poor Madame, when my sister, Maria, married the man Madame loved, and had Ramona, she became even more crazy with jealousy. No wonder she wants to gain power over the child and keep her hidden from all men. I cannot rescue the child, for she will be set free only when a prince sees and falls in love with her. Prince Brightness seems a likely lad—(Mmm!) And in fifteen years Ramona will be eighteen—a good marrying age! Well, that is all that I can do—at least I have the power to make the Woodcutter and his wife happy with their new son.

(Curtain).

SCENE III—*Time:*—About fifteen years later.

*Scene:*—The lonely tower in the middle of the Shadow Forest. Enter Madame and Ramona.

*Madame:*—Well, my dear, I'm going out for a moment, so remember, if you hear me let down your silken girdle that I may climb up, but, if

you see a man or a mouse, knock thrice on the wall for me and I will come back. Also, that sewing must be done or you shall have no supper! Well, what are you waiting for? Let down your girdle, girl!

*Ramona*:—Yes, Madame my Aunt. I was only wondering about something you just said. I would like to know what the difference between a man and a mouse is.

*Madame*:—Not so much, not so much! Only men are more destructive than mice and are greater pests. Remember your sewing! Good-bye.

*Ramona*:—Good-bye (Exit Witch).

*Later*:—*Ramona* hears someone giving the signal-whistle for her to let down her girdle.

*Ramona*:—Why, that must be Madame again! Coming Aunt!

(She pulls up her girdle and a young man jumps down into the room).

*Ramona*:—Why, who are you? What do you want?

*Prince*:—I'm Prince Brightness. I lost my way while hunting, espied this tower, and whistled to see if anyone was at home. When you let down that strange ladder I climbed it, never expecting to find as lovely a girl as you up here! (He bows.)

*Ramona*:—Are you a man or a mouse? Aunt said if one of them came up here, I was to knock for her and she would come back.

*Prince*:—I'm neither, I'm just a Prince. May I stay please?

*Ramona*:—Well, if you're just a Prince, I suppose you can. Oh, there's Aunt's whistle. (She puts down her girdle again).

*Prince*:—Do you-er-think she'll mind my being here?

*Ramona*:—I hope not.

(The Witch jumps in the window).

*Ramona*:—Aunt, this is Prince Brightness. He is just a Prince, neither a man nor a mouse, so I let him stay here.

*Witch*:—Did he tell you that? Well, he is a man, and a meddling one too! So you thought you'd steal *Ramona*, did you? Well, I'll show you you can't, I'll . . .

(Just then there is a flash of lightning and the Fairy stands before them).

*Fairy*:—No, you can't, Madame! All your power is gone, for a man entered your tower and saw my sister's child! Now, I shall change you to a cabbage to punish you as you deserve.

(The Fairy waves her wand, the witch disappears, and a cabbage rolls along the floor).

*Fairy*:—And as for you, my dear *Ramona*, you can now know that I am your real Aunt. Madame stole you from your foster-parents because she was jealous of your mother and wanted you to live all your life in this old tower. Now you can go back to your mother. In fact all three of us will go. That is, if Prince Brightness will come with us for a short visit?

*Prince*:—Why, yes, thank you. I'd like to go tremendously.

*Fairy*:—Well, here we go, hold hands, close your eyes, and we'll be there in a flash.

(There is a flash of light and a roar like thunder. After it is over the stage is empty.)

THE END

MEG. AITKEN, VI-B.



## BEFORE PREP.

"Hey, does anyone know the English prep? No, of course I don't, what do you think I'm asking you for? Oh! now look what you've done, you've ripped my stocking. Why don't you keep your books in your own desk?

For gosh sakes, don't yell so! No, I didn't go and get the prep. from Miss Wainwright. No, I certainly should not—I'm not form captain—I didn't touch your book; no, it's not in my desk. Now look what you've done, and I just tidied my desk for to-morrow morning! Oh, there goes the bell and I don't know what all the prep. is. Well what's another late mark in my life? Just minus 2!"

M. TURNEY, Jr. Arts.



# PREP DREAMS



A.J. Troup

## AN EARLY MORNING RIDE

Mary Jane is sleeping, oh! so peacefully in her bed, when she is rudely awakened by what seems to her the fire alarm; but in reality it is only her alarm clock. Only after awakening the whole corridor does she succeed in turning it off. She rolls over, and just as she is about to doze off, she remembers that she has to go riding this morning. No, it is not raining, so there is no way of getting out of it. My! but it is chilly.

Her colleagues collect her, and she creeps, teeth chattering, and boots in hand, down the creaking stairs.

On arriving at the stables she listens to a long oration by Romeo, which simply means that he thinks Dolly is in too good a mood for Mary Jane, so she decides to take Prince.

"Now, there is a nice, quiet, horse for me," says Mary Jane, "none of Dolly's skittish ways in dear old Prince."

Whoops! they are off! But what is this? Prince seems to be sound asleep on his feet, if that is possible.

After several unsuccessful attempts at rousing Prince from dreams of the oats that he has been parted from at such an early hour, Mary Jane resigns herself to admiring the scenery.

"Now for a slow canter in the fields, but no galloping mind, girls," pleads Romeo. "You know Barney is not what he used to be!"

"You do not need to worry, Romeo," sighs Mary Jane, "Prince will most likely do it on a walk."

But alas! Prince spies the wide open spaces. Hang on, Mary Jane! At the rate you are going, you will soon be at the stables. Prince, however, has other ideas. In the middle of his forbidden gallop, he decides to add his Wild West show to Mary Jane's difficulties.

Up comes Romeo, crying, "Curb! Curb!" Prince spies his master and breaks into a peaceful trot.

"Please give me Dolly," says Mary Jane, "never again will I ride that bucking broncho!"

As Mary Jane limps back to school, she groans to her sympathetic companions. "It will be a long time before I ride again."

Hardly have these words been spoken, when Mary Jane accepts an invitation to go on an early morning ride!

NINA LEE FRANKLIN, VI-A.



## VI-B FAVOURITE EXPRESSIONS

- M. AITKEN - Is Miss Keyzer going?  
 M. AMBROSE - But, Miss . . . !  
 J. BECKETT - Say, who's doing this, anyway?  
 P. BEEMAN - Oh, that's awful!  
 A. CAMERON - Hello, youngster!  
 S. CHAPMAN - Guess what! I've gained a pound!  
 H. CORBETT - I don't know?  
 B. CRONYN - Really girls, do be quiet!  
 E. ELDER - Makes no difference!  
 N. FAIRLEY - How am I supposed to know?  
 H. FINDLAY - Don't be silly!  
 J. FITZ - Have you ever been to Bawston?  
 J. HARVIE - Yes, my dear!  
 J. HOLLAND - I got my letter!  
 J. HOLT - Do you think I'm a sucker?  
 E. HUME - "The Hurricane" is playing, and I've only seen it three times!  
 J. JENCKES - Who's got all my mail?  
 E. NEWCOMBE - What's she got that I haven't got?  
 F. MOFFATT - Is your desk tidy?  
 G. PARTRIDGE - What's the score?  
 P. POWERS - Hello, beautiful!  
 D. SCHWARTZ - Oh, Eld-er!!!  
 J. SPAFFORD - Just think, only 360 days until camp!  
 B. SHUTER - Yes, love.  
 FORM MISTRESS: These shelves are a disgrace.

VI-B Class Expression: Quiet everybody, she's coming down the stretch! Let's give her the act!

E. ELDER and

G. PARTRIDGE, VI-B.

## PEGASUS

The hill stands high and faintly purple-tinged,  
 Crowned with one lonely twisted sycamore,  
 Limned by the violet light of the low sun.  
 And on behind rises one vision more—  
 A white cloud with great lifted widespread wings,  
 A heavenly bird that soars in graceful flight;  
 Driven a little by the evening wind,  
 It moves on, changing, darkening in the light.  
 And then—a sudden blaze of blood-red gold,  
 The last defiant glory of the day;  
 And, silhouetted by that radiant glow,  
 A noble thing stands there—a being fay  
 From the far lands of Faerie. Poised, at rest,  
 The lovely creature seems about to fly;  
 Tiptoe, each dainty hoof so light in touch,  
 The head upthrown, the great wings lifted high,  
 Their feathered edges tipped with fire and flame.  
 The thing of beauty rests a moment still;  
 Then, head high, wings spread, all remembered  
 grace,  
 In that lithe figure springing from the hill,  
 With one wild cry, a pure, sky-reaching call,  
 Beauty is gone into the sunset's gleam;  
 Borne on wings edged with silver and rich dusk,  
 Leaving below a fading love-bright dream.

OLWEN JONES, VI-A.



## SATURDAY MORNING

If the past week you've been bad,  
 On Saturday morning you'll be sad;  
 For on this morn your marks are read.  
 You begin to wish that you were dead.

Each girl's name is read in turn—  
 You feel your face already burn,  
 At last your doom is drawing nigh;  
 You rise, and heave a mighty sigh.

Minus two, three, five and ten—  
 You'll surely not do *that* again!  
 One order mark—but now it's o'er,  
 You might have had two, three or four.

GLORIA PARTRIDGE, VI-B.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PIECE  
OF GUM

I was born in the Wrigley factory. When I was a day old, I was packed in a huge cardboard box with thousands of my comrades and shipped to a drug store in a large city. Once there I was thrown roughly into a glass jar, where I stayed for weeks and weeks. My comrades left day by day, till there were only the five of us in our wrapper lying neglected in the bottom of the jar. We tried our hardest to look inviting so that we could get out of our lonely prison, but as the days went by we seemed to lose IT.

Finally a little red-headed boy bought me alone for a penny, and put me in his pocket, where I found three marbles, a dirty piece of string, a rusty pen-knife, a broken piece of coloured glass, and the stub of a pencil for company. I did not stay there long, however. The boy tore my wrapper from me and popped me into his mouth, where I was badly mutilated by things called teeth. I suppose the boy should not have had me, for when we arrived at school, in a very few minutes I found myself being violently squashed onto the wood under his desk.

I stayed there a long time till a little girl came and sat in the desk. She felt me under the desk and exclaimed:

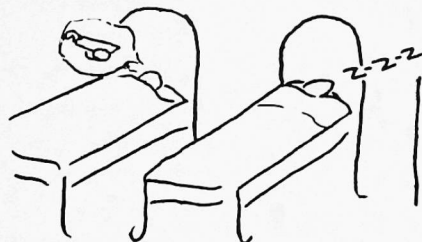
"Ugh! How horrible!" and proceeded to pull me off with a piece of paper. I was thrown into the waste-basket, where I found several others of my kind. When the janitor emptied the basket, I fell unnoticed to the floor.

I lay there in the cold darkness for a long time, and was beginning to feel very miserable, when I got stuck on the sole of his shoe. I was walked on for miles and miles, and became very sore indeed. After a time the man's sole wore out and the shoes were sent to the cobbler to be re-soled. The cobbler ripped the soles off and threw me with them into the roaring fire, where I ended my adventurous travels as a very tired and dirty piece of gum.

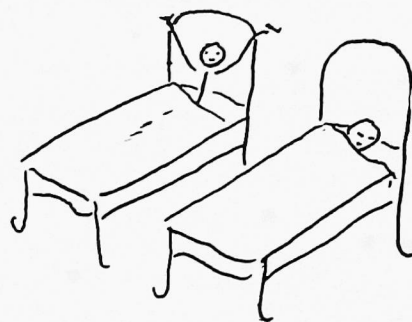
MARY ALDOUS, VI-A.



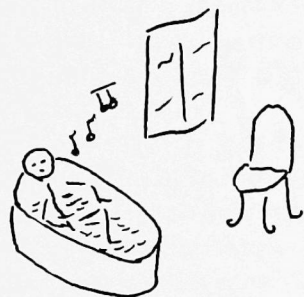
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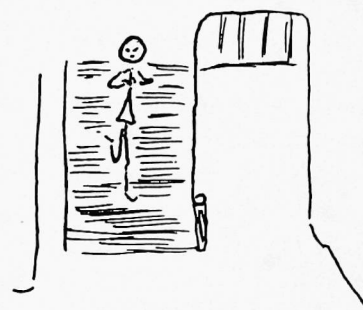
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7-25



7-30



7-35

## EXTRACTS FROM A K.H.C. GIRL'S DIARY

Got up in a mad dash just as second bell was beginning to tinkle, and managed, somehow or other, to get down to setting-ups on time.

Breakfast as usual but only had *one* piece of toast. I simply must get thinner.

Wish I could remember French Verbs. They're simply impossible and I got *another* return, which makes me simply furious.

Had a couple of spares in which nothing outstanding was accomplished and at last dinner came. My favourite. There goes my figure again.

Went for a long walk this afternoon, almost as far as the farm and back. Then got my letter. It was perfect. He writes such *marvellous* letters.

Supper and once more I forgot my figure. I wonder if I'll ever be thin. Pete likes fat girls though, I think.

Nothing much happened in Prep. Mary spilled a bottle of ink on the floor and Tony nearly broke a lamp, but that was the extent of our evening's excitement.

Hurrah! Tomorrow's Saturday, and I can sleep longer, but that isn't going to make the least bit of difference if I don't hurry and turn off this flash-light. So good-night, dear Diary.

ANN NICHOLSON, Matric B.



## THAT CERTAIN QUESTION

One night in an old castle in England, figures are seen flitting to and fro. The house is deserted; what can those figures be? Robbers? No, they are too silent for robbers. Villagers? No, they couldn't be villagers either, for they, the people of Cranbrooke, are too frightened of this castle to come near it at night. They believe that it is haunted! Now what else could the figures be? Why, the ghosts themselves, of course. Let's draw near, and hear what they are saying. Hush! They have sharp ears!

As we draw closer we see huddled by the faintly burning fire two figures. If they *are* ghosts, they are the strangest ghosts I've ever seen! The taller of the two is a plainly, almost severely dressed man of about fifty. He has a dark beard and mustache, and carries a sword attached to his waist. The other is exactly the opposite, a small, rather fragile-looking man with a light beard; his clothes are extremely fancy and rich, made of silks and lace. He also carries a sword.

The small gentleman speaks, or rather moans: "My dear Oliver, as I've often said before, I still think that my execution was the silliest thing that you ever did. Why, you made me a sort of martyr in people's eyes!"

"Now, now, Charles," the older man brusquely interrupts, "Now, you never were considered a martyr! In fact many people thought that my executing you was the best thing I ever did. That is, all but that doddering old fossil, your son."

"My dear man, I still say that my execution was a silly thing. Anyhow my son was young then, and besides, didn't he keep the throne for twenty-five years, when your son couldn't?" the younger man exults.

"H'm. I dare say you're right there. My son was always a bit soft-headed, but I didn't think that he would give up his Protectorship without even a struggle! But that was Monk's doing—never should have trusted that man; he had too much of a way with the people!" growled Oliver Cromwell, for we now know him as such.

"Yes, Monk was an ambitious man. Quite like some of those "thingumbobs" that run for election. I don't know their names, for titles have changed so since my day. Still, Monk had his points, and I don't know what points some of the men have nowadays" answers Charles I.

"You're right, Charles", nods Cromwell emphatically. "Need some people like us to handle the world to-day. Need Blake to help us, though. Poor thing, the Queen of Sheba has got him trying to teach her how to play golf!"

"I don't think I could do it, Oliver. My poor old heart couldn't stand the excitement of kerosene buggies! Remember you promised to go for a canter with Cleopatra to-morrow;" Charles says, as he gets up and moves in front of the now dying fire to warm his hands.

"That's right," beams Oliver. "Nearly forgot all about it. But it's getting late, so I'll have to finish that little question with you to-morrow. Good night!"

"All right; but I'm so glad people have different opinions, for I prefer my head on my shoulders, even though there's no crown on top of that! Crowns are most upsetting at times. Well, good night, old boy," answers Charles, as he moves towards the door.

They both go out, and we are left all alone in that chilly old castle. It is getting late, and there may be other, not so pleasant, ghosts around; so, good night.

But I do hope they finish that discussion some day.

MEG. AITKEN, VI-B.



## THOUGHTS

Oh! for the wide and rolling sea,  
 With the strength of a mighty god.  
 Where the clouds race by at lightning speed,  
 And it's miles to tree and sod;  
 Where the clouds roll by on eagle wing,  
 And the lightning flares like flame,  
 And the thunder claps and clashes and rings,  
 But the sea rolls on just the same.

SHEILA BIRKS, *Matric.*

## AN ANGEL AT KING'S HALL

There was a girl at Compton who was really  
wondrous wise.  
She never failed to cross her t's and put the dots  
on i's;  
She passed with flying colours, at the Closing  
won a prize.

She always stripped her bed, and left her window  
open too;  
Was always very tidy, with a shine on every shoe;  
And if you don't believe me, anyone will say  
it's true.

She never got a mark off, and was simply good  
as gold;  
And always wore a hat out, even if it wasn't  
cold;  
And always did exactly, and on time, what she  
was told.

I guess she was an angel that had dropped down  
from the sky;  
And I'm sure she wasn't human. Do you know  
the reason why?  
'Cause she never walked in puddles, so she'd keep  
her wings quite dry.

B. CRONYN, VI-B.



## ODE TO A DEW-WORM

Divinest little creature of the soil,  
Thy very presence doth inspire my heart,  
You are the fairest of all things on earth,  
No words can tell what joy thou dost impart.

You are my lamp of light while in the wilds,  
All through school's weary way your bright-  
ness gleams,  
You cheer me through dark Latin's dreaded  
hours—  
You are the little Dew-worm of my dreams.

E. ELDER, VI-B.

## FLAMES

As I sit on a stool before a fire  
Watching the flames grow higher and higher,  
My mind at length begins to wander,  
And I see the faces of people yonder.

People I've always wanted to see  
Rise from the flames and speak to me;  
Heroes, warriors, kings and queens,  
Bishops, doctors, knights and deans.

They seem so real my mind is lost;  
Then as flames they soon are tossed  
Amid a cloud of smoke, and rise  
Up the chimney to the skies.

MARY FOWLER, Matric.



## KILTY LEARNS A LESSON

Kilty is a Scottie,  
He's small and black and round,  
And when Miss Gillard wants him  
He is never to be found.

And Kilty is a frisky pup;  
One day he saw the cat,  
But Smokey is a fearsome beast,  
He arched his back and spat.

As Kilty yelped and danced with glee,  
He went an inch too near,  
And Smokey with a lightning blow,  
Scratched one poor small black ear.

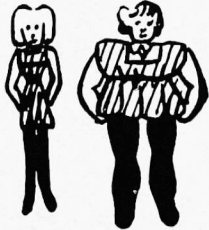
A disillusioned Kilty ran  
For home, with frightened squeaks,  
And kitty bounded after him,  
With long and agile leaps.

So Kilty's learnt his lesson, and,  
Although he still is frisky,  
He's found that teasing mean old cats,  
Is always much too risky.

E. HUME, VI-B.

# K.H.C.

weight



on arrival

on departure

Posture



on arrival

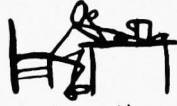


on departure

Table Manners

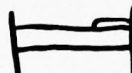


on arrival



after the first week.

beds



before



after



Running for mail



Running for classes

disposition



before



after

By B. Cronyn G.P.



## A HOT DAY

In the morning a heavy mist enveloped everything and hid the sun—a sign of a hot day to come. Soon the mist disappeared and the world sweltered under the hot rays of the sun. The flowers drooped slightly, the grass turned to a brownish green and even the leaves seemed tired and sleepy. Not a ripple creased the smooth face of the lake for there was no breeze to lessen the great heat. The bees droned sleepily as they flew from one blossom to another in search of honey. Only the birds seemed wide awake as they flew about their tasks.

Along the road which leads to the town a farm-cart trundled slowly on its way. It was drawn by a heavy team of horses, their heads drooping because of the heat. The driver leaned back in his seat with his sun-hat over his eyes and his head fallen forward on his chest. He was asleep. The way in which the reins dangled loosely from his lax hands was a proof of his complete relaxation.

In the city the windows of all the business offices were opened in the hope that some breeze would enter and cool the inmates. Everyone was hot and the work progressed slowly. Even the continual tap-tap of the typewriters sounded sluggish as if the typists might stop their work at any moment. The hours dragged slowly past until five o'clock, when things were put away untidily and people trudged wearily home to supper and a night of troubled sleep.

In school the children struggled vainly to pay attention to their lessons. In spite of their efforts their minds were continually straying. They thought of ice-cold drinks, refrigerators, swimming pools and ice cream. They heard the soft and distant droning of the teacher's voice. Suddenly the bell rang and they realized that the class was over, and they were none the wiser as to who Lord Grey was or how to prove Theorem III although the teacher had been explaining it for the past half-hour. So the day passed by until at last school was dismissed.

H. CORBETT, VII-B.

## SCHOOL DAYS

Ten little Compton girls fighting in the line,  
Mary-Claire saw one and then there were nine.  
Nine little Compton girls went beyond the gate,  
One got reported and then there were eight.  
Eight little Compton girls feasting at eleven,  
One couldn't hide herself and then there were seven.

Seven little Compton girls planning naughty tricks,  
Miss Robertson heard one and then there were six.

Six little Compton girls learning how to dive,  
One splashed Miss Keyzer and then there were five.

Five little Compton girls in Moe's River Store,  
One ate five-cent sardines, and then there were four.

Four little Compton girls could not agree,  
They had a mighty fight, and then there were three.

Three little Compton girls with nothing left to chew,

One got some Dentine and then there were two.  
Two little Compton girls with no prep done,  
One was for Miss Wainwright, so now there is one.

One little Compton girl, in Miss Huntley's den,  
She'll be there for quite a while; for that was minus ten.

D. SCHWARTZ and  
E. ELDER, VI-B.



## ODE TO THE NIGHT

As the dark shadows lengthen on the hill,  
And cover all the fields with golden shade  
Of beauteous nature then I drink my fill,  
And watch the fiery sun before me fade.

Then slowly in the height the moon appears,  
To shine with silvery hue o'er every lake.  
And through the twinkling stars a pathway  
clears,

Though soon the dawn will follow in her wake.

ELIZABETH STRONG, *Matric.*



## THE CALL

The sky is blue and black, the glistening stars  
 Reflect cold, regal beauty in the lake.  
 The hills around loom high and sombre-clad,  
 Silent, as are the stars, but, unlike them,  
 Have friendliness and strength to fill the heart  
 Of the lone watcher. Swiftly through the night  
 Comes the soft whisper of the cool night-wind,  
 Murmuring gently in the pines, and then  
 Ruffling the water's surface in caress.  
 The tiny ripples lap the darkened shore  
 With sibilant whisperings; softly down its bed  
 The small creek slips, chuckling and unsubdued  
 By the great silence hovering o'er the world.  
 The moon has laid its beaten silver path  
 Across the lake, a pale, alluring trail  
 That wanly points to westward, calling on  
 The lonely one who watches from the shore.  
 And lo! the call is heeded; he responds;  
 A soft splash in the shadow of the hill,  
 And then no more—but suddenly there is  
 A dark point in the glowing silver band;  
 It grows, and swiftly moves on to the west,  
 Flashing the moonlight from the rounded blade,  
 And flinging silvered drops in a wide arc  
 That spreads in faint and fainter silver rings.  
 The graceful prow is lifted, forging on;  
 The stern, low-weighted, leaves a shining wake  
 That ripples back and backward, and is lost.

OLWEN JONES, VI-A.



## EXAMS.

In vain we study day by day;  
 "Exams. are here", we tearfully say,  
 "And we must surely pass away  
     Beneath the awful weight."

With hollow eye and thumping head  
 We hear the watchman's dainty tread,  
 But we must leave our downy bed  
     For our exams to slave.

Each eye is dark with circles round,  
 Beneath each pillow books are found,  
 Into our heads the words to pound—  
     Alas, 'tis all in vain!

When morning comes, ere day shall break,  
 A hundred clocks the school will shake,  
 And mistresses are kept awake—  
     'Tis all for vile exams!

No human mind can stand the strain;  
 So, bound to desk with lock and chain,  
 We needs must die, nor rise again—  
     Alas, 'tis all exams!

Such are exams, the fate of all,  
 No one can dodge their threatening call;  
 And nervous wrecks rush down the hall.  
     Oh, how we *love* (?) exams!

E. ELDER, VI-B.



## WHAT I'D LIKE TO SEE

Miss Gillard - - - breaking a lamp.  
 Miss Huntley - - - playing a sax.  
 Miss Wainwright - riding a motor-cycle.  
 Miss Harrison - - - chasing butterflies.  
 Miss Brokenshire - hitch-hiking.  
 Miss Gurd - - - - cleaning streets.  
 Miss Keyzer - - - - waiting for something.  
 Miss Lindsay - - - being a missionary at the  
     North Pole.  
 Miss Sampson - - - eating corn-on-the-cob.  
 Miss Eaton - - - - on a merry-go-round.  
 Miss DeWitt - - - - doing the Big Apple.  
 Miss Brewer - - - - at a garden-party.  
 Miss Masten I - - - on a tight-rope.  
 Miss Robertson - in a "page-boy".  
 Mrs. Starr - - - - milking cows.  
 Miss MacCallum - mowing a lawn.  
 Miss Rootham - - - sliding down banisters.  
 Mlle Royer - - - - on Moe's River Hill (again).  
 Miss Masten II - - - hitting a sour note.

B. CRONYN and E. HUME, VI-B.  
     M. Turney, Arts.

OVERBOARD ON A SUNNY  
AFTERNOON

"Darling, have I *really* got a tan? I mean, look at me, don't you think I'm much browner than I was? No, but look . . . . Oh yes, you're kind of a pale pink . . . . but look at my legs, aren't they perfect? Honestly, I just *can't* believe it, and I only sat out there for about five hours altogether . . . . what? You don't think I'm the least bit brown? . . . . Oh, don't be stupid. You're just jealous, that's all. Wait till summer comes, I'll look simply divine, 'black as a nigger'. I simply *live* out of doors all the time and I get *terribly* dark. . . . You don't like people who overdo things? . . . . Well, I don't overdo it, it simply comes naturally. I can't help it. Just like you get freckles and go pink. . . . No, don't be silly, of course you're not tanned. That's just a burn. . . . What's that? You think *mine's* a burn? Oh, you're just being absolutely absurd."

ANN NICHOLSON, Matric B.



## SUNBURN

To get a tan was my one ambition,  
And to look like a southern apparition,  
So I took a rug and my olive oil  
And lay in the sun to roast and boil.

After a while I began to feel hot,  
But I kept repeating "A tan must be got,"  
And I made up my mind to stay there 'till  
The sun went down below the hill.

Hour after hour in the blazing heat,  
And oh how hot that sun did beat,  
And all the time I kept on feeling  
To-morrow I certainly will be peeling.

Sure enough, the following day  
I felt the results of the sun's strong ray,  
For my back was red, and my arms, oh gee!  
No, no more sunburns ever for me.

MARY FOWLER,  
*Matric.*

THE KING'S HALL STAFF IN  
REVIEW

Miss Gillard: Easy to Love.  
Miss Sampson: High, Wide and Handsome.  
Miss Keyzer: So Rare.  
Miss Lindsay: A Little Bit Independent.  
Miss Harrison: A Foggy Day in London Town.  
Miss Wainwright: Some Day.  
Miss Brewer: An Unsophisticated Lady.  
Miss Brokenshire: Night and Day.  
Miss Eaton: Don't Be Like That!  
Miss De Witt: Please be Kind!  
Miss Huntley: True Confession.  
Miss Gurd: I Learnt About Love from Her.  
Miss Rootham: Swingin' in the Corn.  
Miss Masten I : } Two Dreams Got Together.  
Miss Masten II: }  
Mlle Royer: O-o-o-o-h Boom!  
Mrs. Starr: Go to Sleep, My Little Buckaroo.  
Miss MacCallum: The Big Apple.  
Miss Robertson: Afraid to Dream.  
Miss Briggs: Thanks for the Memories.  
Canon E. W.: Practice What You Preach.  
The Staff: You're An Education In Yourself!

LYN PEPLER, *Matric.*



## GRANNIE

There's my little darling lying in bed,  
Look at the gold curls that cover her head;  
I may be her grannie with snow white hair,  
But, daughter, I remember when you were there.  
A little rag doll lies by her side,  
It was great-grannie's before she died.  
To the next generation she'll pass it on;  
That will be long after I am gone.

But leave her now, and let her sleep,  
And always by her side our Father will keep;  
For she is an angel with a halo'd head,  
You can almost see it in her bed.  
She never cries, even though she's small,  
Except, of course, when she has a fall,  
She knows her grannie, the little dear;  
And I love you grand-daughter, never fear.

SHEILA BIRKS, *Matric.*

## NIGHT CRY

The hills dream silently beneath the pale moon,  
 Bathed by the rippling night wind,  
 Laden with scent and sound.  
 The high cliffs gleam white and strange,  
 And the valley below is dark with pine and  
 shadow.  
 The night is peaceful, dreaming  
 Of the world's long rest.  
 Then the sound and murmur of the darkness  
 Is rent and torn asunder like the temple veil  
 By the long cry that shudders down the wind.  
 The sounding silence of the midnight  
 Is parted like cleft waters,  
 And the long rest of the world  
 Is no more.  
 The pines await the coming of the cry again—  
 The stillness is like death, and death's the cry  
 That rings in agony above the land,  
 Long ululating to the sky, repeated,  
 And again, again, again—  
 Low sadness, swelling—pain, fear,  
 Hate—  
 Hunger, savage torture of a soul in hell—  
 The cliff gleams pale and stern  
 In the cold golden beams,  
 And the forest breathes again,  
 And the wind moves whispering on,  
 And the world's once more at rest—  
 And the grey ghost glides  
 Among the thickets on the hill,  
 And they in the valley  
 Cower deeper in the darkness,  
 While the gaunt death walks the night.

OLWEN JONES, VI-A.



## THE SEAT BY THE WINDOW

Sitting by the window,  
 Gazing at the view,  
 Oh, it would be perfect if  
 There was no work to do !

. . . . .

Will the sun keep shining?  
 Will I get a burn?  
 Oh to go and lie out there !  
 Soon 'twill be my turn.

. . . . .

I wonder why when springtime comes  
 They don't just close the school?  
 I know that if I owned this place  
 'Twould be my Golden Rule.

. . . . .

Oh— oh— she asked a question !  
 Oh— please don't look at me !  
 Er—hem— "I guess I didn't hear"  
 Ah me—that's minus three !

. . . . .

I wish this room were not so hot.  
 I wish the bell would ring.  
 I wish I were a genius  
 And knew 'most anything.

. . . . .

But if I did not window-gaze  
 Who perhaps might tell—?  
 I'd pass exams—get my matric  
 And—oh! there goes the bell !

JEAN M. BUTLER, VI-A



K nitting  
 I nk  
 N otepaper  
 G round hockey  
 S wimming-pool

H orses  
 A pparatus  
 L earning  
 L aughter

C andy  
 O rder-marks  
 M usic  
 P lays  
 T alkies  
 O pen spaces  
 N erve Pills.

GLORIA PARTRIDGE, VI-B.



## CONVERSATION IN A K.H.C. BATHTUB

I bags the back.  
 Don't be mean, you had it last time.  
 I did not ! Whose bath is this anyway ?  
 O all right, but next time—  
 Ouch, what are you trying to do, scald me ?  
 You're just fussy, it's cold up here.  
 Can't you move up a bit ? I'm squashed.  
 So am I, but I wish you'd take your knee out  
     of my back.  
 Where's the soap ?  
 It must be in back of you, I haven't got it.  
 Stop squirming.  
 I've got it.  
 Got what ? O the soap ! Well give me some.  
 Don't rush me.  
 What am I sitting on ?  
 It's probably my bath salts, they're rather hard.  
 Will you give me the soap ?  
 Just a minute, I feel inspired.  
 So what ?  
 Let's turn sideways, and put our feet up on the  
     wall.  
 Golly ! the bell goes in three minutes.  
 Let me out of here !  
 Not so fast, it's your turn to wash the bath.  
 Last one out does the job.  
 You worm—There goes the bell !  
 Thar she blows !  
 Late again.

E. HUME, VI-B.



## FEASTS

Little drops of pear juice  
 Mingled with the sand,  
 Make a mighty ocean  
 Where our bedrooms stand.  
  
 Little drops of pear juice,  
 Trickle down the sheet,  
 Dampening all the bedclothes,  
 Where the Slutches meet.  
  
 Little sounds of footsteps  
 Rushing down the hall,  
 In the bulging cupboard  
 Crowd the Slutches all.

Little pencils scratching,  
 In Miss Huntley's den,  
 Bring sweet memories of the night  
 That brought us minus ten.

E. ELDER.



## THE STORM

'Twas winter in the summer time,  
 The wind was rising fast,  
 The little birds upon their nests,  
 Were frozen by the blast.

The cows and horses in the fields,  
 Gazed in mild surprise;  
 They saw the trees and bushes bend,  
 They did not dare to rise.

The children in the house slept on,  
 While windows rattled loud,  
 The wind whistled through the trees,  
 And all the world was cowed.

Within an hour the storm had past,  
 And all the land was still;  
 At length the cheery sun came out,  
 And took away the chill.

P. BEEMAN, VI-B.



## THE ORDER-MARK ROOM

All girls dumb, not dutiful,  
 All children, short or tall,  
 All brats bad or mischievous—  
 Miss Huntley takes them all.

Each little mark that's lost-ed,  
 Each wicked thing that's done—  
 Into her den she hauls them,  
 There works them every one.

The pencil-markèd Psalter,  
 The prefects trotting by,  
 The order-mark, the scolding,  
 All make that down-cast eye.

The lecture by our "Gilly",  
 Her very glassy stare—  
 They all foretell an order-mark,  
 An hour spent suffering there.

She gives them books to copy,  
 And psalms that they must learn;  
 For an order-mark is wicked,  
 And so is a return!

MEG. AITKEN, VI-B.



## FIRE-DRILL

Oh what a bore!  
 No slippers on floor,  
 Won't look any more,  
 Go to the door!

Turn on the light,  
 In middle of night;  
 Not at all right—  
 But found 'em alright!

To fire-escape walk,  
 No permission to talk,  
 A mistress doth stalk  
 My efforts to balk.

Back to bed creep,  
 Not one peep,  
 I've fallen asleep,  
 Counting the sheep.

JOAN HOW, *Matric A.*

## HAVE YOU READ THE FOLLOWING BOOKS:

"Punctuality", by Judy Baker?

"Three Easy Lessons on 'How to Sing'," by Berys Cole?

"Good Posture is Essential", by Tony Barker?

"You Too Can Have Mighty Muscles!" by Alice Cameron?

"Do You Wish to be Tall?" by Joan Spafford?

"How to be Glamorous", by Joy Thomson and Elizabeth Elder?

"Advice for the Lovelorn", by Dyanna Baldwin?

"Neat Hair Helps the Appearance", by Lulu Phillips?

"Be Tactful", by Elizabeth Strong?

"When Embarrassed, Why Blush?" by Ruth Harris?

"That Delicate Air", by Evelyn Constantine?

"How to Influence People", by The Prefects?

If not, we do not advise you to do so!

CYNTHIA COCHRANE, *Matric. B.*

B. B. FRASER, VI-A.



## MEASLES

1-Sore eyes,	2-A dark room,
Temperature,	No food,
Nurses	Just a drink,
Doctors	Oh, but not
Then the rash,	What you think,
It must be measles!	Just the measles!

3-Feel better?	4-Then light,
No I don't,	Feeling better,
Stay in bed!	Quiet night,
That's it,	Miss the girls,
An aching head	Oh, the school
From the measles!	Can't beat measles!

5-Days pass	6-Then I'm free,
Slowly,	Oh gosh! Oh gee!
But soon	I can see
I'll be back	Every one
At Class,	At last!
No more Measles!	No measles!

ANNA TROUP, VI-A.

## MISSING THE TRAIN

Now at her watch Jane quickly gazed.  
 We hurried forth a little dazed,  
 And ran into the five-and-ten  
 To phone the chauffeur back again.  
 Swiftly to her house we sped,  
 Pedestrians all before us fled.  
 "We've only half an hour", she cried,  
 "Before the train away will glide".  
 We scared poor Mr. H . . . to death,  
 We could not pause nor draw a breath,  
 We ate some supper like a flash,  
 And all speed records we did smash.  
 In the city, each red light  
 Seemed turned to stay our fearful flight.  
 Miss Keyzer's teeth must gnash in vain.  
 The station! But where was the train?  
 "The Compton train has just pulled out"  
 A red cap answered to our shout.  
 Back in the car we jumped again,  
 We needs must catch that missing train.  
 With traffic jams, and speed cops' snarls,  
 We beat that train to Pointe Ste. Charles.  
 Now when on board this train we sought,  
 We finished our supper, which we had brought.

D. SCHWARTZ, VI-B.



## VI-B

We are a class of twenty-three,  
 And usually show this by our glee.  
 Before each class we're in the hall,  
 And to each other scream and call.

Then down the hall the message flies,  
 The laughter now is ceased and dies;  
 For the mistress is in sight,  
 And to our desks we take our flight.

There is a scramble for our books,  
 The mistress stops this by her looks;  
 And then again the lesson starts  
 It seems for ever till she parts.

And then at last the bell doth ring,  
 We slam our books and start to sing.  
 Lessons are over for the day,  
 And to our rooms we make our way.

GLORIA PARTRIDGE, VI-B.

## IN THE MIST

The road stretches straightly  
 And is lost in the mist.  
 I can trace the line where they meet.  
 I can see to the left,  
 An island of fir;  
 The green trees rise like an oasis  
 In a white desert.  
 They are green, but their greenness  
 Is dead, wintry; there is no feel  
 Of life in them, no spirit;  
 They are without colour;  
 Their dark is drained of life.  
 Their deadness fills me with vague fear and  
 loathing,  
 So that I gladly turn  
 To the naked black-limbed maples.  
 They have no hidden meaning;  
 They do not wait with lifeless patience.

OLWEN JONES, VI-A.



## SKIING

A lovely day in December this,  
 As I ski along the slope,  
 And the snow is very slippery,  
 But I won't fall down—I hope.

Oh gosh, I see a bump way down  
 About a mile away,  
 And underneath the bump I wish  
 There was a pile of hay.

I'm nearly on the bump, my dears,  
 And I'm headed for it, and  
 Oh gosh! oh gee! I'm on it now!  
 'Twill kill me when I land!

I'm soaring through the air right now  
 And my heart is in my toes,  
 And on my tomb-stone don't forget  
 I'd like a yellow rose.

BARBARA CRONYN, VI-B.



Thomson



Luton



White head.



FISHER.

Jai Toos. Ma---



Cumming.



MacKeen.



Moned



Struthers



Merrill



Hiam



Gooderham.



Turney

ARTS FORM

Betty Cumming  
Jr. ARTS

## CAN YOU IMAGINE . . .

M. AITKEN - not in love?  
 M. AMBROSE - not sewing?  
 J. BECKETT - hurrying?  
 P. BEEMAN - modernized?  
 A. CAMERON - short and fat?  
 S. CHAPMAN - overweight?  
 H. CORBETT - with a return?  
 B. CRONYN - not drawing?  
 E. ELDER - - free on Saturday afternoon?  
 N. FAIRLEY - not asking questions?  
 H. FINDLAY - a peroxide blonde?  
 J. FITZ - - - in a temper?  
 J. HARVIE - - not writing letters?  
 J. HOLT - - - being a sucker?  
 E. HUME - - without Sherbrooke?  
 J. JENCKES - without her baby talk?  
 F. MOFFATT - looking serious?  
 E. NEWCOMBE "trucking"?  
 G. PARTRIDGE without the giggles?  
 B. POWERS - - without her mail?  
 D. SCHWARTZ with full marks in Geometry?  
 J. SPAFFORD - early?  
 B. SHUTER - - not minding her own business?  
 VI-B - - - - ready for class?

H. FINDLAY  
 G. PARTRIDGE } VI-B.  
 J. HOLT



## "WRITE SOMETHING!"

We tried to write some poetry;  
 We tried with might and main;  
 We wracked our brains for thoughts galore,  
 We wracked them all in vain.

"The Magazine, it must be filled!"  
 Those words before us loomed,  
 "Or else it will appear no more."  
 We feared the "Mag." was doomed.

We filled up scribblers, one by one;  
 Our pencils turned to dust,  
 But still no work of art was done—  
 Our pens began to rust.

No human mind could stand the strain,  
 So finally we died;  
 And now we're deep beneath the ground,  
 Reposing side by side.

E. ELDER, VI-B.



## A DREAM

I was *Alone* in *The Shade of the New Apple Tree* when *The Big Apple* I had been *Gazin'* at  
 fell on my head and *Started Me Dreaming*.

I dreamt that that night was *Yours and Mine*  
 and that we sailed to the *Island of Dreams* to-  
 gether. When you sang *Good-Night, Angel* while  
 the *Moon of Manakoora* shone overhead, I  
 wondered why *Moments Like This* must die. I  
 was awakened out of my *Sentimental Mood* by  
*Bob White!* I was *Bewildered to See Your Face*  
*Before Me*, but when I reached for you, you were  
*Gone* with some other *Sweet Someone* to that  
 wonderful *Land of Make-Believe*.

It's all over now, but *Thanks for the Memories*  
 even though we could not have a *Happy Ending*.

B. B. FRASER, VI-A.

CYNTHIA COCHRANE, *Matric*.



## MATRIC. EXAMS

Matric how I dread it,  
 A test of all taught.  
 Thinking you know it,  
 Really you've forgot;  
 Injustice to children, are exams and the rule,  
 Cruelty, when parents just think you a fool.

E ducation is needed,  
 X — Y over K,  
 "A lgebra, my I hate it!"

M any a child will say.  
 I ndefinite school years  
 N ever come to an end,  
 A promotion is certain  
 T ill failure descend.

I n years you will get there,  
 O nly pray that you pass—  
 N ever have been the brains of the class!

SHEILA BIRKS, *Matric*.



# JUNIORS



## OFF FOR THE HOLIDAYS



I got up and tiptoed over to the desk where I handed my paper in. As I shut the door I said, "Excuse me." When I was in the glass passage I gave one big sigh of relief and joy and went galloping down the corridor where I met my friends. It was our last exam! The next day we were going home. We were all very excited.

When we had talked about the exam, we began to talk about what we were going to do in the holidays. Presently the bell rang for tea. After tea we went upstairs and packed. Boy, what a job! By the time I was finished I was dead tired. After supper we went up to the gym and heard our marks from the exams. When we went upstairs to bed we put our dresses out for the next day instead of our tunics. In the morning, in our dresses, we went down to breakfast. When breakfast was over we folded our sheets and blankets. After that we thought the time would never go until dinner. When dinner was over we got into cars, headed for the station, and off for the holidays.

HOPE DAVIDSON, IV-A.

## BACK TO SCHOOL AFTER THE HOLIDAYS



It was the night before I left to go back to school, we were all crouched by the fire-side. We were gazing into the fire thinking of the lovely holiday it had been. All of a sudden mother's voice broke the silence. We all got up as she entered the room. Her face was full of smiles and she carried a parcel; then, of course, we crowded around her. She then told me to put my head against the box and listen. I did; and heard a little whining sound. Then she told me to open the box. I did, and there inside was a little puppy. He looked like a little ball of wool. He was so sweet. I called him Fluffy.

The next day I had to leave; I was so sad. Early in the morning Fluffy came over to my bed and cried. That was the way he woke me up. He seemed to realize that it was one of my last few hours at home. He stayed beside me all the time. He was very cute.

At last it was time to go; and I knelt down and kissed the top of his funny little head, and in return he licked my face.

BEATRICE ANGUS, IV-A.



## BELLS AT COMPTON



The time is seven o'clock in the morning and our little pupil whose day we shall describe (with all the bells), is snoring peacefully. Another fifteen minutes and she is rudely awakened by the loud clanging of the rising bell. A few grunts signify she has taken notice, but just to be obstinate she stays in bed for another fifteen minutes. Then, slowly clambering out, she ambles along to the bathroom and washes, talking the while with other late washers. As she gets back to her room, the bell for setting-up goes and for two minutes there is a mad scramble for skirts, black stockings, etc. She rushes downstairs in time for setting-up (doing her tie up on the way).

After setting-up the bell for breakfast goes and a hundred tongues start to clatter until the second bell. Then odd minus marks are given for the odd speech. Our pupil happens to be awarded one of these and she looks quite doleful for a minute as she already has minus twenty-five, but breakfast cheers her up. Making her bed in the morning is always something to be got through. Our pupil gossips with neighbours until the bell for prayers goes, then she throws her bed together in haste. As soon as prayers are over lessons start and until break our pupil tries to attend. A return is the reward of efforts but that is soon forgotten.

The bell for break goes at a quarter to eleven, and is a welcome diversion. Our pupil soon forgets her worries as she revels in toast and cocoa. As she unluckily bumps into someone and drowns herself in cocoa, she remembers woe-fully that to-morrow Miss Gillard looks at tunics.

Back to lessons until the bell goes for the end of the morning, then our pupil retires to the lounge to chat and gossip with friends.

Dinner is welcomed with hearty appetites. "Seconds" are eaten with enthusiasm; and Miss Gillard usually recommends the weather. Then Tuck, then outside for an afternoon of fun on the toboggan, and many times in the ditch.

Everyone rushes in to tea with a whoop. Our pupil happens to bag an extra that is not there. But you must always be on time to get a cake at tea.

The first bell for lessons clears everyone out of the lounge, or rather the prefects do, and when the second bell goes our pupil is expected to be ready for lessons. After lessons the mail is read out and our pupil receives the news that she is to receive a parcel. Then upstairs to dress for supper and our pupil discovers she has six for her room-mark.

The bell goes for supper and here also there is much bagging of extras. Our pupil is disappointed in the fact that one extra has to be reclaimed. As she sits at the end of the table there is much shouting and laughing and the result is minus five for bad table manners. After supper there usually are prayers.

There are two bells for prep. By the second bell our pupil is supposed to be in the class-room and ready to begin; but the point is, she is not. In the wild hurry she has grabbed her arithmetic text book instead of her science book. Then there has to be minus two to retrieve the errant bit of literature. After prep. there is half an hour of spare time until the bell for bed goes.

At the bell for bed our pupil stomps upstairs, meditating on the results of the day. She undresses and washes, then begins to gossip. As soon as lights are out a prolonged conversation begins with her room-mate about the faults of the school and obtains minus five for her grumb-ling. Our pupil falls asleep utterly dejected, but wakes up again in good spirits.

GRACE PHILLIPS, V-A.



## PUSSY

Pussy that plays and frolics all day,  
And chases her tail in the cunningest way.  
Pussy she sleeps by the fire-side at night,  
And laps up her milk with the greatest delight.

MARGARET McCUAIG, IV-A.

## THE STICKY LOVE AFFAIR

Along the shady winding path,  
And in a cosy nook,  
There sat two lovers side by side,  
The Butler and the Cook.

Each moment as the time went by  
They sat more close together,  
For love was singing in their hearts—  
It must have been the weather.

"You know I love you very much,"  
Said Butler George all quivering.  
"Oh my, how you do flatter me!"  
Said Anna all a-shivering.

"I really am quite stuck on you",  
Said Georgie, feeling happy.  
While Anna felt within her heart  
That he was really sappy.

But when they tried to leave the nook  
The lovers felt quite faint,  
For on the bench on which they sat  
There was the sign: WET PAINT.

SHEILA HANSON, V-A.



## THE CHEAP CHICKEN

Clytrumnestrapeach Adolphus,  
Or "Pansypeach" for short,  
Is a little green chicken  
Who is a funny sort.

He has a little brown beak,  
Which falls out all the time,  
But still I love him very much  
'Cause he only cost a dime.

JANET MORRISEY, V-A.

## AN EVENING AT KING'S HALL

'Twas early in the evening,  
The lights were shining bright;  
The girls were in the Prep-room  
Working with all their might.

Books were scattered on the floor,  
The room was very hot,  
The girls began to look around,  
Stopped doing what they ought.

At last when prep came to an end,  
V-A went out to play;  
And, though they had returns and such,  
They really felt quite gay.

MARY MOLSON *and*  
MARGARET PORTER, V-A.



## IN THE FALL

Now the leaves are falling low,  
And the wind is blowing strong;  
Soon will come the soft white snow,  
But the birds still sing their song.

JUDY BAKER, IV-B.



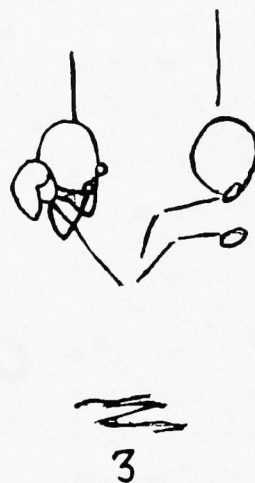
## AN INSPIRATION

I've thought as long as I possibly could,  
But oh, my brain is weak,  
To make a poem that will rhyme  
And not have some odd feet.

I was about to give it up  
When an inspiration came,  
And this is what it ended like—  
But I'm scared to sign my name.

GUESS WHO?

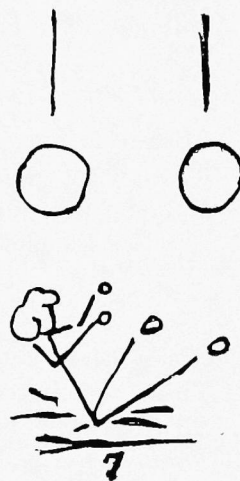
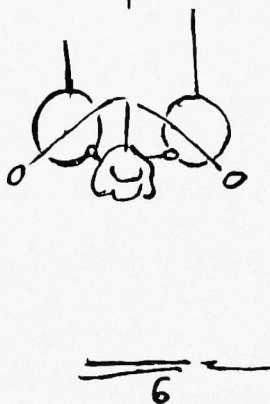
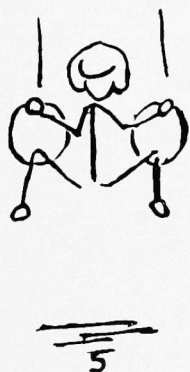




Accidents



happen





## PREFECTS

JOSETTE LACAILLE

Josette is the one who rings the bells,  
 She comes to the lounge and yells and yells;  
 "Go to your form rooms, will you please?  
 Before I give you minus threes."

RENA LUTON and ROMA DODDS

Rena is the Nova Scotian,  
 Who lives beside the Atlantic Ocean;  
 Roma is her room-mate dear,  
 Who is very fond of Molson's Beer.

MARY-CLAIRE

Mary-Claire is tall and fair,  
 With lovely locks of golden hair,  
 The telephone booth is her favourite place;  
 And when she comes out there's a smile on her  
 face.

LYN PEPLER

Lyn is the one with the sleek black hair,  
 Whose big brown eyes do often glare,  
 Riding is her favourite sport,  
 But she likes games of every sort.

MICKEY DAVIS

Mickey is very fond of walking,  
 Though she never does much talking,  
 But she is a lot of fun,  
 And we like her, everyone.

SHEILA BIRKS

Sheila Birks gets many letters,  
 Three or four each day,  
 All from different kinds of fellers,  
 That's why she's so gay.

ANNE WIGLE

Skating is what Anne likes best,  
 Although she's fond of art,  
 Her clothes are always neat and pressed,  
 And she looks very smart.

SHEILA LITTLE *and*  
 MARGARET PORTER, V-A.

## MISCELLANEOUS

Pictures are upon the wall,  
 Mistresses are in the hall,  
 Girls are snoring very loud,  
 Somewhere there is quite a crowd.

"Returns" are flowing very fast,  
 And happy days for girls are past,  
 Because you see now we have fun,  
 Riding bicycles in the sun.

The time is Saturday afternoon,  
 We go to Miss Huntley in 6-A Form-room,  
 We work very hard until visiting bell,  
 Then we rush out with a whoop and a yell.

We all walk in to meals in pairs,  
 And somebody pulls someone else's hairs,  
 The prefects squash us right and left,  
 Till of all hope we are bereft.

GRACE PHILLIPS, V-A.



## BELLS

Some bells are awful nuisances  
 They really don't make sense,  
 Why do they have two bells for prayers,  
 And two to go to fence ?

There's one to go outside to play  
 And one to go to work,  
 There's two to go to eat your food,  
 And two to go to kirk.

The bell that we all dread the most,  
 (I know you'd hate it too),  
 Is to get up in the morning  
 And to try and find your shoe.

But when we come to think of it,  
 They really aren't so bad,  
 Just think of what would happen  
 If no bells were to be had !

GERRY MCKEE, Form V-A.

## LESSONS

Desks that squeak,  
Bones that creak,  
Skin that's pink,  
Makes our hearts sink,  
because it's Physiology.

Books are out,  
We're full of doubt,  
And recite the verb "to give"  
In order that we live,  
because it's French.

Books are on the floor,  
 $2 + 2$  is four,  
 $P \times R \times T = I$ ,  
Someday soon I'm going to die,  
because it's Arithmetic.

We think about the Prep. we didn't do,  
And gaze despondently at our shoe,  
We're thinking of enemies, girls and birds,  
And also reciting nasty verbs,  
because it's Latin.

We all wonder what will happen when  
A girl in our form gets -10,  
We want to know if Germany  
Is on the Mediterranean Sea,  
because it's Geography.

We yell and scream at the top of our voices,  
And practice our grammar and various poses,  
And talk in a voice that's loud and low,  
And talk in a voice that's high, just so,  
because it's Dramatics.

We're busy spelling out many words,  
Like "cat", "dog", "parrot" and "birds",  
And then all other words we sound  
Being sure that many returns will abound,  
because it's Spelling.

We wonder why  $z^2 = y$ ,  
And then again we wonder why  
A minus changes all the signs within the bracket,  
This subject really is getting to be a racket,  
because it's Algebra.

GRACE PHILLIPS, V-A.

## THE RUINED COTTAGE

It was in the summer holidays that I decided to take a walk and found the Ruined Cottage. It was a stone cottage with a thatched roof. The stones were all cracked and had fallen apart. Half of the roof had gone. The part that was left was broken into enormous holes. The door was gone and the windows had no glass. Around the cottage was a stone wall. It also was broken and there was only half of it there. There were two trees standing at the side and back of the cottage. They had hardly any leaves on them, and looked as dead and deserted as the house. There were weeds all over the lawn. The grass was mostly dead.

As I looked at the ruin I made a picture in my mind of what the cottage once was. The roof was on, the stones had no cracks in them, there was a strong door with a knocker on it, there was glass in the windows and frilled curtains. The stone wall was all around the cottage, a strong wall. The two trees were in full bloom. There were all colours and kinds of flowers all over the lawn. The grass was green and soft. Children were sitting on the lawn and running in and out of the house singing. And the smell of food was coming out of the windows.

HOPE DAVIDSON, IV-A.



## ON CHRISTMAS EVE

When Christmas Eve arrives  
We decorate a tree,  
And fill it full of pretty things,  
For baby and for me.

At twelve o'clock when bells are heard  
We close our sleepy eyes,  
And in the morn when we get up  
We find a big surprise,

'Cause Santa has been visiting,  
And stopped to give us toys;  
For Santa's gnomes have told him,  
Where live good girls and boys.

EILEEN BIRKS, V-B.





## A SIMPLE MINUS FIVE

It was midnight in the corridors,  
Not a gleam of light was seen;  
Miss Rootham tiptoed down the hall,  
And heard a ghastly scream.

"Oh Mary, my dear Mary!"  
Was Margaret's pleading cry.  
"Oh won't you please stop tickling,  
For I shall surely die!"

But Mary had no mercy,  
And Margaret suffered more,  
Until they saw Miss Rootham  
Standing at the door.

Then Mary tumbled into bed,  
All pale with fear and fright;  
But Margaret sat a-giggling,  
For she had won the fight.

Margaret soon stopped giggling,  
For then Miss Rootham cries,  
"I'm sure you both know what this means—  
Two simple minus fives!"

And then Miss Rootham trotted back  
Along the corridor,  
And softly slipped into her room,  
And quietly shut the door.

SHEILA HANSON and  
GERRY MCKEE, V-A.



## GOOD-NIGHT

Goodnight, goodnight,  
Each sleepy head  
Is going sleepily to bed,  
And taking dolls and teddy bears,  
They wander quietly up the stairs  
To tuck in bed and say their prayers,  
And through the pane the moon doth peep  
To see the children fast asleep.

MARGARET McCUAIG, IV-A.

## "V-A"

(To be sung to the tune of, "*O Where, O Where  
has my Little Dog Gone?*")

O why, O why are V-A so dumb?  
O where, O where are their brains?  
Well if you really want to know,  
You'll find them down the drains.

O why, O why are the Staff so peeved  
At our poor dear little form?  
They cry as loud as they possibly can,  
"O why were the stupid things born?"

At languages we are so dumb,  
At mathematics we're blank;  
And poor Miss Wainwright is always vexed,  
And says we all need a spank.

For order-marks we win the prize;  
"Returns" we're at the top;  
We're fools in everything we do;  
Our form is really a "flop!"

By V-A.



## KING'S HALL THEME SONGS

"Whispers in the Dark"—10.30 p.m. on top  
corridor.

"The Moon got in My Eyes"—Trying to read  
by flashlight.

"Whistle While You Work"—During order-  
marks.

"How Would You Like to Love Me?"—Someone  
who hasn't any tuck, around someone who  
has.

"Please Be Kind!"—Mary Molson getting order-  
mark work.

"Always and Always"—Returns from V-A.

"Ten Pretty Girls"—Choir practice.

"Once in a While"—The whole school without a  
return.

"Moments Like This"—When the Inspector  
Walks in.

"Thanks for the Memories"—Forty years on.

SHEILA HANSON and  
GERRY MCKEE, V-A.



## GOD'S EARTH

Blue is the ocean,  
Blue is the sky,  
God in his castle,  
Up ever so high.

Green is the grass,  
Yellow the sun,  
God made the flowers,  
Each little one.

Brown are the trees,  
Red-orange the leaves;  
The great winds are singing,  
About all of these.

People are praying,  
To God, full of grace,  
Who hath made this earth  
Such a beautiful place.

MARIE NORMAN, V-B.



## ALWAYS WRONG

One day I said, "It's lovely out,  
There's not one sign of rain."  
But as you know I'm always wrong,  
For then the downpour came.

But then I said, "I should be glad  
It's rain instead of snow."  
No sooner had I spoken than  
The flakes began to show.

So next I said, "It's very dark  
And wet and dreary too."  
But when I turned to look outside—  
The sun was right in view.

ELIZABETH BEVAN, V-B.



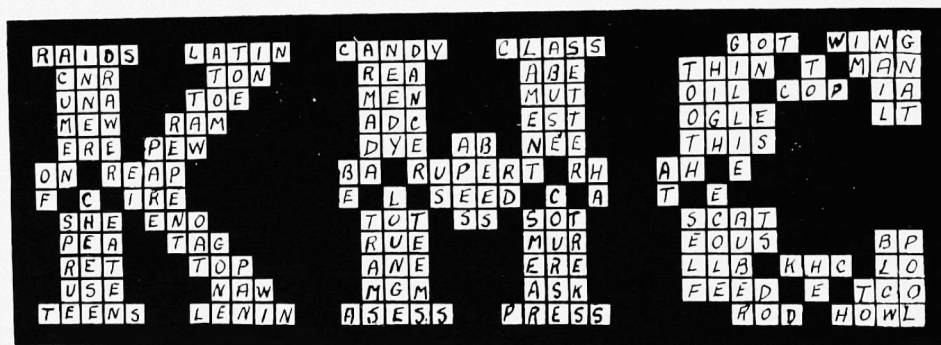
V-A

M inus marks  
I nsanity  
S inging  
S hakes

B umps  
R eturns  
E questrians  
W oes  
E xhibitions  
R oaring

GRACE PHILLIPS, V-A.

solution to puzzle on page — 9





## HOUSES



## MACDONALD

M. Davis (*Captain*)

## RIDEAU

R. Dodds (*Captain*)

## MONTCALM

J. LaCaille (*Captain*)

## MATRIC A.

M. Davis  
J. How  
E. RussellR. Dodds  
P. Hanson  
E. Strong

J. LaCaille

## MATRIC. B.

D. Baldwin  
B. Cole  
L. Cumming  
M. Fowler  
A. Kerrigan  
L. Pepler  
L. Phillips  
M. WardS. Birks  
S. Mackeen  
A. Ritchie  
A. Wigle  
A. NicholsonC. Cochrane  
R. Luton  
M. C. Rae

## SENIOR ARTS

M. Fisher  
J. Merrill

## VI-A.

N. Franklin  
M. LewisM. Aldous  
A. Barker  
J. Butler  
C. Cate  
E. Partridge  
B. Stokes  
A. Troup  
B. WilsonA. Esler  
J. Franklin  
B. Fraser  
N. Gilmour  
R. Harris  
O. Jones  
E. Lyman  
M. Warburton

## MACDONALD

M. Ambrose  
J. Beckett  
A. Cameron  
B. Cronyn  
J. Fitz  
J. Harvey  
J. Holt  
E. Newcombe  
G. Partridge  
J. Spafford

R. Moncel  
B. Struthers

E. Constantine  
M. Green  
D. Steven

E. Bevan  
N. Boyd  
S. Eardley-Wilmot  
H. Hooper  
C. Taylor

J. Baker

## RIDEAU

## VI-B.

M. Aitken  
P. Beeman  
E. Elder  
J. Holland  
E. Hume  
J. Jenckes  
F. Moffatt

## ARTS (JR.)

C. MacKeen  
J. Thompson

## V-A.

S. Little  
J. McKee  
M. Molson  
J. Morrissey  
L. Power

## V-B

E. Birks

## IV-A.

R. Aitken

## IV-B.

R. Jewett

## MONTCALM

S. Chapman  
H. Corbett  
N. Fairley  
H. Findley  
D. Schwartz  
B. Shuter  
B. Powers

B. Cumming  
A. Gooderham  
J. Hiam  
J. Luton  
M. Turney  
M. Whitehead

S. Hanson  
G. Phillips  
M. Porter

B. Krauser

B. Angus  
H. Davidson  
M. McCuaig  
M. Norman



## MATRICULATION FORM



Front row: (l. to r.)—P. HANSON, S. BIRKS, R. LUTON, M. DAVIS, J. LACAILLE, E. RUSSELL

2nd row: (l. to r.)—L. PHILLIPPS, A. WIGLE, M. C. REA, R. DODDS, L. PEPLER, M. WARD

3rd row: (l. to r.)—L. CUMMING, B. COLE, J. HOW, E. STRONG, S. MACKEEN, A. KERRIGAN

4th row: (l. to r.)—C. COCHRANE, M. FOWLER, D. BALDWIN, A. NICHOLSON, A. RITCHIE





## PREFECTS

Back row—(l. to r.)—A. WIGLE, M. C. REA, R. DODDS  
L. PEPLER

Front row—(l. to r.)—S. BIRKS, R. LUTON, M. DAVIS  
J. LaCAILLE



## HOUSE CAPTAINS

M. DAVIS, R. DODDS, J. LaCAILLE



## SCHOOL RECORD

1937-38



## PREFECTS

Sheila Birks	Margaret Davis
Roma Dodds	Josette LaCaille
Rena Luton	Lyn Pepler
Mary-Claire Rea	Ann Wigle

## SPORTS CAPTAIN

Elsbeth Russell - - - *Matriculation*

## FORM CAPTAINS

VI-A	- - - - - E. Partridge
VI-B	- - - - - F. Moffatt
V-A	- - - - - J. Morrissey
V-B	- - - - - E. Bevan
IV-A and B.	- - - - - H. Davidson



## SPORTS CAPTAIN

E. RUSSELL

## SENIOR DRAMATICS

Several excellent plays were presented this year by the Senior Classes.

In the first term VI-B produced an old-fashioned Scotch play, the plot of which took place during the Stuart rebellion. We were greatly impressed by the acting of the hero, Elizabeth Hume, and the heroine, Jane Holt.

During the second term they gave an excellent performance of "Waiting for the Bus," a comedy in which Nancy Fairley was outstanding as the inebriated "Mrs. Davis"; and "Catherine Parr", in which excellent performances were given by Barbara Cronyn as Henry VIII and Elizabeth Hume as his sixth wife.

In the summer term they presented a story of adventure, "Buried Treasure", and "Lil' Black Heliotrope", a tale of the days of slavery in the Southern States.

The Arts Form did a fine bit of acting in "This Daring Generation". In this old-fashioned play, Margaret Turney defies her strict elders in order to elope. "Now, Don't Laugh!" was the opposite of its title, for it gave the audience a roar per minute. Yet another riotous comedy was "Match for the Matchmakers", presented during the summer term.

VI-A gave "She Stoops to Conquer" which went back to the time of Queen Anne, and in which Olwen Jones, Barbara Stokes and Mabel Warburton showed great acting ability.

At Christmas time members of various forms combined to give a beautiful performance of "Why the Chimes Rang", in which all the parts were effectively played.

We are sorry that the Matrics. were not able to entertain us this year, but we realize that "work before pleasure" is necessary for them.

We want to thank Miss M. Masten for all her undivided attention, which she gave to the presentation of these plays. We also wish to acknowledge our hearty appreciation of the time and energy spent by Miss Harrison in designing and making the costumes, and by Miss Robertson in making various properties (especially the stained-glass window).

We feel that this season was a successful one for our Senior Dramatics. J. BUTLER.

## JUNIOR DRAMATICS

This year the Juniors presented five plays. The first term V-B presented, "Twice Is Too Much." This play went very well except for an accident, when Abou Hassan, played by Nancy Boyd, and Nowz Hatoul, played by Elizabeth Bevan, went to sleep and the bed broke! Soon after, another bed was put on the stage, and the play progressed without further mishaps.

V-A presented a play entitled "The Travelling Companion". This play was taken from Hans Anderson's fairy tale. The traveller was played by Diana Steven.

This term the Fourth Forms wrote a play which was entitled the "Ugly Duckling". They were going to put it on in the swimming pool, but Rahno Aitken, who was going to be the ugly duckling, got the mumps.

The second term the Fourth Forms presented "The Queen of Hearts". The Queen, Hope Davidson, needed lessons in cooking very badly as the cook, Margaret McCuaig and the knave, Ruth Jewett, both found out. The kitchen maid, Judy Baker, was very funny as she kept dropping things. The part of the King was played by Beatrice Angus.

V-B presented a play entitled "Hilltop". This play was different from the other plays as there was a great deal of music and dancing in it. The leading character was Peter, Sylvia Eardley-Wilmot. His father, Betty Krauser, and his mother, Marie Norman, had just lost the rest of their children in the plague. The traveller was Helen Hooper and the mermaid Myria was Elizabeth Bevan. The old man, Connie Taylor, was very cross and Peter taught him to smile. Damon (Nancy Boyd) and Amaris (Eileen Birks) were the brother and sister whom the black men captured.

V-A presented a play entitled "The Pig Prince". This play told how a prince (Gerry McKee), ate in a very greedy fashion, so his father, the king (Grace Phillips), ordered him to eat with the pigs. His mother the queen (Sheila Hanson), was very hurt and she was always weeping for her son. The Prince's tutor Un-right (Janet Morrissey), was very absent minded, and when he was discharged by the king, he

forgot to leave. The maid, Sheila Little, and the page, Evelyn Constantine, were both very funny as they kept joining in on the general conversation between the king and queen.

The new spot light was used for the first time on the night of the Junior plays. It was designed by Sheila Birks.

The Juniors want to thank Miss Masten for her patient instruction, and we also want to thank Miss Harrison for the lovely costumes she made for the plays.

JANET MORRISSEY, V-A.



## THE STAFF PLAYS

This year the Staff entertained the School with two one-act plays. The excitement among the girls has not been equalled by any other entertainment put on at King's Hall for many years past.

The first of the two plays was entitled "Between the Soup and the Savory". The scene was laid in the kitchen where the cook, Miss MacCallum, and the kitchen-maid, Miss Harrison, were preparing the dinner. Miss Rootham, the table-maid, entered every now and then and described contemptuously, but nevertheless with interest, all that occurred in the dining-room. It seemed that there was a love affair between two of the persons dining, but the kitchen-maid, who was not to be outdone, had her own secret love affair. All the details of this the cook got out of her with some difficulty, but in the absence of the table-maid, for she feared being made fun of. But soon her fond dreams were to be shattered when the table-maid reported that the daughter of the house had lost a love letter. The poor kitchen-maid was forced to admit to the cook, in great humility and embarrassment that she had borrowed the letter. The cook advised her to put it right back, and promised not to tell the table-maid. The play was very amusing and at the same time rather sad, for one could not help feeling sorry for the poor little kitchen-maid.

The second play, entitled "The Bathroom Door" was extremely amusing from beginning to end. The scene was laid in a hotel corridor. At the back of the stage was the bathroom door and two adjoining bedroom doors. The play opened as the prima donna, Miss Sampson, entered with a burst of song. Finding the bathroom door locked, she returned to her room. Other guests of the hotel, each in turn, tried the bathroom door, but with no greater success. The other characters were—the young lady, Miss Gurd; the young man, Miss deWitt; the old lady (with rag curlers in her hair), Miss Wainwright; and the little old man, Miss Briggs. There were some very amusing scenes in the play, particularly when the young man was paying the prima donna rather extravagant compliments; and at the same time the old lady, on her hands and knees, was making a valiant effort to retrieve her slipper with a cane, without being seen. The climax came when all the guests were gathered on the stage, each giving his own opinion as to what fate had befallen the occupant of the bathroom. The prima donna was firmly convinced that her husband, with whom she had quarrelled, had committed suicide behind the door, which by this time was becoming most awe-inspiring. But as it happened her fears were not justified, for the boot-black, played by Miss Robertson, appeared and informed her that her husband was down stairs having his breakfast.

In both plays the actresses performed their parts excellently. It was a splendid performance, and we congratulate the players. We only hope that next year all the members of the staff will take part in the plays.

MARGARET DAVIS, *Matric.*





## THE STUDIO

A great many different things have been done this year in the Studio, from leather work to scenery for the school plays.

Last year Mrs. Gould left us, and although we all miss her, Miss Robertson has already successfully filled her place.

A great many posters have been made this year, and it is our hope to fill in the panels of the dining room with posters representing the different provinces, but this will not be completed till next year.

Some very attractive work has been done by the Junior as well as the Senior classes in water colour, handiercrafts and pencil.

Every Saturday morning a small group of us take Special Art, and in these classes have done some charcoal, pen and ink, water colour and pastel work.

We have had some sketching expeditions during the first term and we hope to continue later on this term.

We wish to extend our thanks to Miss Robertson who has been most patient with us, and also those who have helped us by posing during our classes.

JANE LUTON, *Jr. Arts.*



## MUSIC

The first term of this year our musical entertainment was limited to one "musicale" in which Grieg's Compositions were played and sung. We were very grateful to Miss Rootham, Miss Huntley and Miss Masten for contributing to this delightful entertainment.

The last Sunday of the Christmas term, we had the usual carol-singing, in which the mistresses and the Senior and Junior schools took part.

We were very sorry not to have had Mr. Paul de Marky come to play for us this year, as he has done previously.

The first Saturday of the middle term, Miss Marion Snowden gave us an illustrated lecture on music of the Elizabethan period. She was

dressed in a costume which was identical with one worn by Mary, Queen of Scots, in one of her portraits, and this added charm to the subject of the lecture. A cause of great interest was her virginal, a tiny musical instrument resembling a miniature grand piano. The tone was very unusual—something like a harpsichord.

On March 17th, forty girls went in to take part in the Musical Festival which was held at the Montreal High School. Our visit was short, but we enjoyed it immensely.

In the latter part of March, the juniors gave a "Musical Evening". There were several piano solos and some duets and recitations; at the end, the junior school sang a song, some girls taking solo parts.

Next year, Miss Rootham is hoping to have a few girls play the organ in the Church. This year, the organ was played on two or three Sundays by one of the girls.

MARY WARD, *Matric.*



## THE JUNIOR RECITAL

On Sunday evening, the Juniors, from V-A down, gave a very pleasant Music Recital. They prepared it entirely without help from anyone, which is greatly to their credit, and it was given with hardly a mistake. Marie Norman, Sylvia Eardley-Wilmot, Betty Krauser, Nancy Boyd, Helen Hooper, and Elizabeth Bevan all played piano solos; Grace Phillips (who took Gerry McKee's place at very short notice) and Janet Morrissey played a duet. Next, Hope Davidson, Ruth Jewett, Rahno Aitkin, and Connie Taylor recited four very amusing poems, and lastly, all the Juniors, in their white dresses, grouped themselves in a semi-circle, and, with Lorna Prower at the piano, sang "Polly Oliver". Sheila Hanson, Mary Molson, and Grace Phillips, sang the three solo parts, and, after this grand finale, everyone was very sorry that it was over.

We congratulate the Juniors on the time and effort they spent on this performance and sincerely hope that they will give another recital (if only half as good as this), next year.

TONY BARKER, VI-A.



## HALLOWE'EN

On October the 29th Miss Gillard very kindly gave the school a half holiday, and after having an early lunch we all jumped into three busses that were waiting for us, and drove into Sherbrooke to see the movie, "The Prisoner of Zenda", which was playing at the Granada Theatre.

When we returned that night we had a Surprise Hallowe'en Supper Party. The dining room was decorated in orange and black, and the domestic staff were dressed as witches, bats, owls, cats and ghosts and caused much excitement.

The next evening we had a fancy dress party; some of the costumes were very original. The mistresses' get-ups were extremely clever, especially Miss DeWitt, who made a perfect school marm.

The orchestra consisted of Matriculation girls who were dressed in white blouses and short red pleated skirts, their hats shaped like leaves. They had decorated the room on the basis of the "Big Apple."

During the evening some talented girls put on a floor show much to the enjoyment of the audience. Then the orchestra leader gave a prize to each mistress. After food and drinks had been passed the party continued with dancing.

Miss Gillard presented prizes for the most original and best costumes; these were won by three different groups of girls. All together the party was a grand success.

S. BIRKS, *Matric.*



## THE SCHOOL DANCE

On Friday, November the nineteenth, a selected committee decorated the gym. for the gala event of the year—the house warming for the new building. The school colours were predominant with the buff and brown of the room in the background.

The concealed lighting produced a desirably soft and flattering glow which was very easy on the eyes.

\*Rolly Badger's orchestra ran a close second to the professor; the boys were in the groove the greater part of the time, which certainly encouraged the jitter-bugs to go to town—which, dear reader, we were not allowed to do, alas! The mop-stick quartet created quite a sensation when it advanced to the centre of the floor and beat it out in licks and riffs. In truth, it was quite a session—also the climax of the evening, for the jamming soon changed to the National Anthem.

Supper was served in the dining-room at about eleven-thirty o'clock.

In the lounges, new and old, card tables stood ready for any visitors, who wished to play a rousing rubber of bridge—(later used for Twenty-one!)

The outside guests numbered over a hundred, and included the boys and staff of Bishop's School, a group of students, and a few members of the Faculty from the University. A special photographer was also present.

The girls gave Miss Gillard a corsage of mauve orchids, which were striking on her stunning white gown.

The dance, on the whole, was a great success—except for the floor on which the varnish had not, as yet, quite dried!

M.-C. REA.



(\*We have suggested the translation of this paragraph into English, but are assured that our readers will understand it. We confess it is Greek to us! Ed.)



## SWIMMING

Great was the excitement this autumn when upon our arrival at school we found a Swimming-pool being built. We have often wished for one, but never in our fondest dreams did we really expect to have it. It was finished towards the end of the first term. Unfortunately next term the pool was not used for a long while on account of the mumps. Those lucky enough to have had them were allowed in after half-term, and the others went in for the last two weeks. Again this term the pool lies in idleness, but this time it is measles instead of mumps. However, we have great hopes of soon being out of quarantine and able to use it.

## HOCKEY

We were particularly fortunate this year in obtaining a new hockey field of regulation size. That meant that we were able to play with a full team of eleven instead of only nine. The first game the school played was against Bishop's College School. The week after, we went to Lennoxville to play a return match.

Results: (1) B.C.S. 2 K.H.C. 0  
(2) B.C.S. 1 K.H.C. 2

In the Form matches, Matric. won.

The scores of the House matches were as follows:—

Rideau..... 1 Macdonald.... 3  
Macdonald... 1 Montcalm.... 2

For the first time in several years a match was played against the Mistresses, which caused great excitement.

Result: Staff 0 School 2.

The new field has been a great success, and has considerably raised the standard of the School's sports.

## HOCKEY TEAM

Centre - - - - J. LaCaille  
Centre Half - - E. Russell  
Inner - - - - R. Dodds  
Inner - - - - R. Luton  
Wing - - - - E. Constantine  
Wing - - - - P. Beeman  
Half-back - - - M. Davis  
Half-back - - - L. Pepler  
Full-back - - - D. Baldwin  
Full-back - - - D. Schwartz  
Goal - - - - R. Harris  
Subs. - - - - M. C. Rae, J. Merrill



## HOCKEY TEAM

Back row—(l. to r.)—P. BEEMAN, E. CONSTANTINE,  
E. RUSSELL, M. DAVIS

Middle row—(l. to r.)—D. SCHWARTZ, R. HARRIS  
J. LACAILLE, R. LUTON

Front row—(l. to r.)—R. DODDS, D. BALDWIN, L. PEPLER

## BASKETBALL

This year we were not able to play any outside matches, owing to the mumps; nevertheless we managed to play a good deal amongst ourselves.

The House games were played off at the end of March.

Rideau.....16	Macdonald.....19
Montcalm....25	Macdonald....26

Matric. was the winner of the Form games.

The game Mistresses vs. School was closely contested, and the school won 36-29 only after a hard fight.

## THE BASKETBALL TEAM:

Centre	- - -	R. Dodds
Side-Centre	- -	J. LaCaille
Shot	- - - -	A. Wigle
Shot	- - - -	E. Lyman
Guard	- - - -	L. Pepler
Guard	- - - -	D. Baldwin
Subs.	J. Merrill, L. Phillips, E. Russell.	



BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row—(l. to r.)—R. DODDS, D. BALDWIN, A. WIGLE  
Front row—(l. to r.)—E. LYMAN, J. LACAILLE, L. PEPLER

## BADMINTON AND TENNIS

A great enthusiasm was displayed this year in Badminton. Two tournaments were played off, one a Round Robin and the other for the cups. The results of the latter were as follows:

*Winners:—*

Senior Singles	- - -	E. Russell
" Doubles	- -	J. Beckett, E. Russell
Junior Singles	- - -	E. Constantine
" Doubles	- - -	N. Boyd, D. Stevens

*Runners-Up:—*

Senior Singles	- - -	C. Cochrane
" Doubles	- - -	J. How, B. Cole
Junior Singles	- - -	N. Boyd
" Doubles	- - -	H. Hooper, E. Constantine.

The Tennis tournaments last year were not played off owing to the new courts not being finished in time. There is no danger of that this year, as the tournament is already near completion.

## RIDING

Riding has been a very popular sport this year. We were very lucky in getting a new horse called Rob-Roy. Two very ardent riders have their own horses, and every day they may be seen riding the roads, or training their horses in the fields.

## SKIING AND SKATING

There were several thaws this year, but between times the skiing and skating were good. Romeo did a great deal of hard work on the rink, keeping it in wonderful condition during the cold weather.

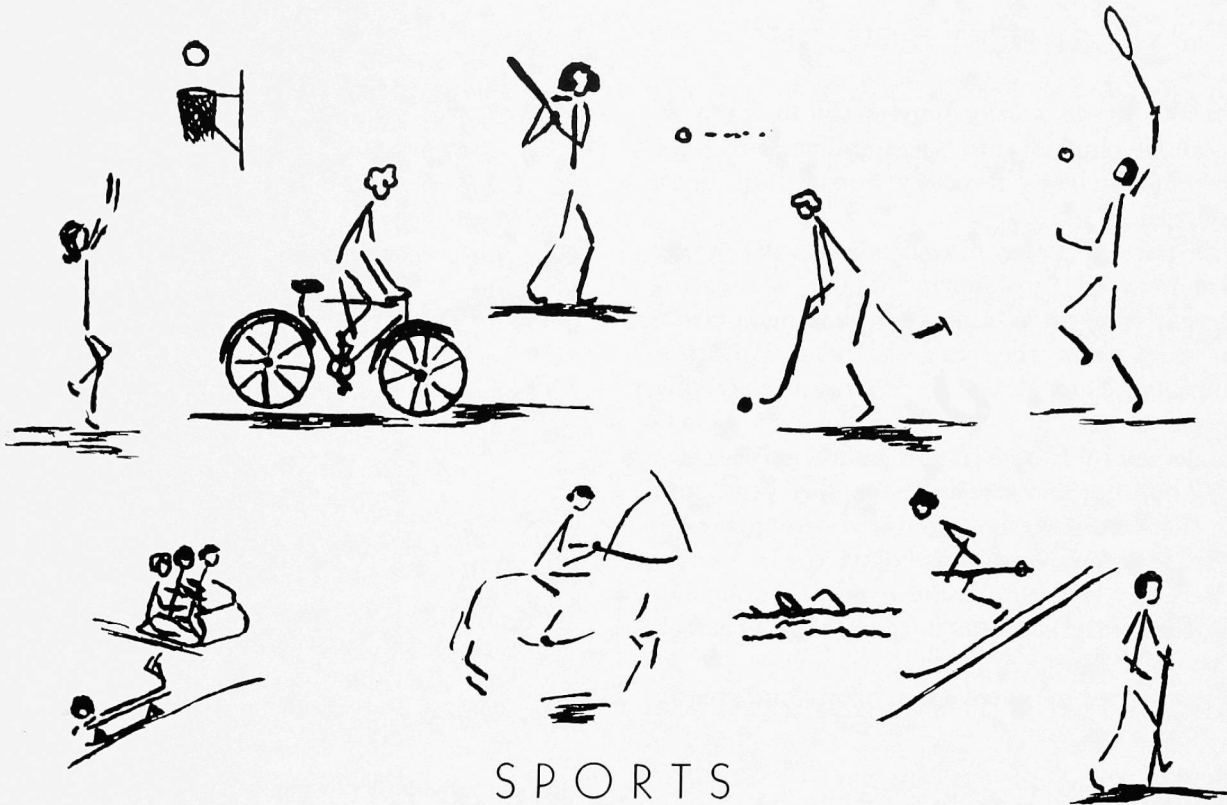
Several passed their ski-tests. Thanks to Miss Brewer, Miss Keyzer and Miss Gurd, those who had not passed their ski-tests were able to get off the farm hill.

A skiing expedition was made to North Hatley by those who had their tests. We left early in the morning and came back in time for supper. It was great fun.

All the girls would like Miss Keyzer and Miss Gurd to know how much they appreciate all the thoughtful attention and time which they have given to help them in improving their sports. Although Miss Keyzer has been busy with her work in the office, she has been very kind in giving any of her spare time to help those who needed it in any particular field of sport.

E. RUSSELL.





## SPORTS

H. CORBETT VI-b

## THE K. H. POOL

The K. H. Pool has brought much delight into most of the girls' hearts, even though they always seem to be in quarantine for something, and are not able to use it as much as they would like to. Still they do get many a splash out of it.

The excitement begins when Miss Gillard comes into each form room asking which girls would like to take a dip. As soon as they know that they are to go in, there is a scramble for their bath-suits, a dash for caps and a mad rush to the showers.

The whole building seems filled with the yells of joy once the girls are in the water. They dive, race and play around and great is the disappointment when Miss Keyzer calls to everyone to come out.



THE POOL

Then a quick cold shower and then to the hair driers.

When at last they get into bed, everyone is sure that "a good time was had by all."

JEAN M. BUTLER, VI-A.



## "BERKELEY SQUARE"

On Wednesday, May fourth, the majority of the school climbed into buses and set off to the University to see "Berkeley Square" by John Balderston.

The part of Peter Standish was remarkably well portrayed by Lincoln Magor, a talented first-year student. Vivian Parr, playing opposite him, carried off the part of Helen Pettigrew admirably. Tom, Helen's brother, was a striking success, as was Mr. Throstle; the latter parts were played by Henry Holden and Guy Marston.

The lighting and scenery were very good, and Mrs. Richardson kindly painted two portraits of Mr. Magor for use in the play.

"Berkeley Square" is said to be the best play produced by the students in the "Little Theatre" for the last fourteen years.

We returned to school tired, happy and greatly inspired !

M.-C. REA.



## SCHOOL CALENDAR

<i>Sept. 15th</i>	School opened.
<i>Oct. 2nd</i>	Lecture on "Big Game Hunting in Africa", by Mr. Jones.
<i>Oct. 3rd</i>	Lecture on "California", by Mr. Jones.
<i>Oct. 9th-11th</i>	Thanksgiving Week-end.
<i>Oct. 23rd</i>	Lecture on "Silver", by Mr. Birks.
<i>Oct. 29th</i>	School saw "Prisoner of Zenda" in Sherbrooke.
<i>Oct. 30th</i>	Hallowe'en Masquerade.
<i>Nov. 6th</i>	"The Travelling Companion", V-a
<i>Nov. 11th</i>	B.C.S. won vs. K.H.C., 2-0 (Hockey).
<i>Nov. 13th</i>	K.H.C. won vs. B.C.S., 2-1 (Hockey).
<i>Nov. 19th</i>	School Dance.
<i>Nov. 21st</i>	Lecture on "Peace River".
<i>Nov. 27th</i>	Play by V-B, "Twice is Too Much."
<i>Dec. 4th</i>	Miss Gillard's birthday, and play by VI-B, "A Tight Corner".
<i>Dec. 11th</i>	School saw plays at B.C.S.
<i>Dec. 17th</i>	School Closed.

1938

SECOND TERM

<i>Jan. 11th</i>	School Reopened.
<i>Jan. 15th</i>	Lecture on "Elizabethan Music", by Miss Snowden.
<i>Feb. 5th</i>	"She Stoops to Conquer", by VI-A
<i>Feb. 15th</i>	Sleigh Drive.
<i>Feb. 16th</i>	Holiday.
<i>Feb. 19th</i>	Plays by Arts Form, "The Daring Generation" and an original melodrama.
<i>Feb. 26th</i>	Half-Term Holiday.
<i>Feb. 28th</i>	Plays by VI-B and Arts, "Waiting for the Bus", "Catherine Parr", "Now, Don't Laugh."
<i>Mar. 5th</i>	Skiing trip to North Hatley.
<i>Mar. 17th</i>	Song Festival in Montreal.
<i>Mar. 19th</i>	Plays by the Juniors, "The Queen of Hearts", "Hill-top", "The Pig Prince".
<i>Mar. 26th</i>	Plays by the Mistresses, "Between the Soup and the Savoury", "The Bathroom Door."
<i>April 7th</i>	School Closed.
	THIRD TERM
<i>April 20th</i>	School Re-opened.
<i>April 28th</i>	Lecture on "A Cavalcade of British History", by Dr. Jones.
<i>May 4th</i>	School saw "Berkeley Square" at U.B.C.
<i>May 24th</i>	Holiday, Empire Day.
<i>May 28th</i>	Confirmation.
<i>June 11th</i>	School Closed.

P. H.





The full interest on the Laura Joll Endowment Fund (\$150.00 clear), will be available to the K.H.C.O.G.A. in 1939.

The Central Committee is anxious to hear suggestions for the use of this money. Will anyone who is interested, please write in her suggestions to Mrs. Sidney G. Click (Margaret Torrance), 660 Victoria Avenue, Westmount, Que., before the end of this year, so that they may be investigated and thoroughly discussed before a decision is made?

We wish to spend the money wisely and to the satisfaction of the majority of the members, and it will take some time to work out plans. We hope to hear from you soon.

MARGARET CLICK.



Would anyone who has any news, social or otherwise, next year, please send it to Mrs. D. C. Abbott, 35 Aberdeen Ave., Westmount, Que.

This means that news may be sent in any time during the year for the Magazine a year from June.

#### MONTREAL

##### *Engagements—*

Constance Russell to Lieut. Hugh Wilson Findlay, R.N. Marriage to take place in July.  
Mary Baillie to Mr. John Percy Taylor.

##### *Marriages—*

Margaret Torrance to Mr. Sidney G. Click, Nov. 30th, 1937.

Joan Cumming to Mr. George Millar, March, 1938.

##### *Births—*

Mrs. Russell Call (Isobel Mitchell), a son. Nov. 19th, 1937.

Mrs. Thomas Darling (Audrey Shorey), a son. Dec. 19th, 1937.

Mrs. Rielle Thompson (Dorothy McEvoy), a son. May, 1937.

Mrs. Peter Kilburn (Helen Morris), a son.

Mrs. Wm. McCausland (Alison McLaughlin), a daughter.

##### *Obituary—*

We deeply regret the death of one of our "old girls", Miriam McKee, wife of Mr. R. C. Ronalds, who died after a very brief illness at the Royal Victoria Hospital, on Wednesday, March 9th, 1938.

##### *News—*

In the Junior League Show which took place in April, Sonia Baillie made a very lovely bride, and Ellendell Rea was a very competent Mistress of Ceremonies.

#### TORONTO

Mrs. William Lowering (Hildred Clarke), Montreal, a daughter. Jan. 31st, 1938.

Mrs. David Cassels (Alison Coristine), Montreal, a son. Nov. 10th, 1937.

Mrs. Crawford Martin (Alida Stall) sailed for England on Friday, April 29th to meet her husband who is returning from India.

#### OTTAWA

Mrs. Christopher Boles (Constance Waugh), Winnipeg, has been moved to Ottawa.

#### SHERBROOKE

##### *Wedding—*

Louise Mitchell to Mr. Frederick Weldon, May 24th.

##### *Births—*

To Mr. and Mrs. Max Converse of Lennoxville (née Naomi Ward), on November 25th, 1937, a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. Bert Millward of Annora, Ontario (née Alexandra Newton), on April 11th, 1938, a daughter.

To Colonel and Mrs. M. W. McA'Nulty of Sherbrooke (née Constance Bigg), on June 21st, 1937, a son.

Miss Margaret Newton received her degree in Secretarial Science at Western University in October, 1937.

#### QUEBEC BRANCH

##### *Marriage—*

Marjorie Barrow to Ernest Lafferty on Sept. 4th, 1937.

##### *Births—*

Mr. and Mrs. James O'Halloran (Barbara Stevens), a son on Sept. 2nd, 1937.

Rev. and Mrs. S. Williams (Enid Price), a daughter on June 6th, 1937.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie A. Palmer (Anna Lou Michael), a daughter on May 3rd, 1938.

Mr. and Mrs. Michel Treneer-Mitchell (Jean Price), a son, Sept. 1937.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Hyndman (Eleanor Bothwell), moved from Three Rivers to Quebec last Autumn.

Fay Thomson is attending McGill, and is acting representative for the Quebec Branch for the next couple of years.

Mrs. A. Boswell (Molly FitzGibbon), spent some time in England, where she visited her son who has a commission in the Royal Engineers.

Miss Isabel Nesbitt completed a course at the Parker School for trained attendants last December.

Mrs. W. S. G. Bunbury (Marjorie Stam), has taken up her residence in Quebec at 11 Laurentide Ave.

#### HAMILTON NEWS

Mrs. M. B. Hamilton (Isobel Fairbairn), has moved from Hamilton to Ottawa.

Mrs. G. R. D. Farmer (Margaret Champ), has left for Bermuda.

Mrs. P. R. McCullough (Katherine Champ), has left for Bermuda with her sister, Mrs. Farmer.

Mollie Green is at the Grange in Toronto studying painting.

Miss Joy Thompson is one of this year's charming debutantes.

Miss Helen Sutherland is attending University of Toronto.

##### *Marriages—*

Miss Sonja Henderson to Mr. Robert D. Sinclair in June, 1937.

Miss Jean MacGregor to Mr. David H. Ward on December 4th, 1937.



#### THE K.H.C. O.G.A. — REUNION OF 1937

The approach up the familiar driveway is fraught with mingled feelings; of anxiety, lest everything be "different" from those days of high significance, i.e., when you were there; and a mad desire to rush noisily up the front steps with just that lack of decorum one controlled in school days.

Miss Gillard's hearty welcome quickly dispelled those first vague misgivings, and I lost no time exchanging noisy greetings with many friends spotted among the crowd of Old Girls having tea in the lounge. At first of course, we tended to congregate in "bunches", or exchange biographies with those of "our years" whom we had not seen for a long time. By the end of the week-end, however, this clannishness was not as noticeable, everyone knowing practically everyone else by the time we departed.

Owing to lack of space, the various activities which followed cannot here be recounted in detail. This will simply include a general outline of the splendid programme arranged for by the Committees of several Branches.

The first evening we were treated to movies of the last reunion, some mad games, then a delicious late supper in the lounge. On Sunday, after Church and lunch, the Mitchells generously afforded us the use of their Magog home for a gay picnic (I might add that a number of distinguished Old Girls disported themselves in the nearby lake with very little dignity !)



Monday was devoted to the meeting, competitive games, and an evening of amateur renditions. This last evening was about the most hilarious feature of the week-end, introducing, as it did, well-known stars from various "Sides" of other years. Miss Huntley (that grand old K.H.C. girl), provided spirited accompaniment.

What fruit the meeting bore you will doubtless have learned from your local branches. All agreed that a reunion was the ideal means of keeping the K.H.C. O.G.A. well organized, while one could not help but be impressed with the loyalty and enthusiasm of the Ontario girls, who had so much farther to come than most of us.

Rain being unable to dampen our spirits, the Monday afternoon sports took place in the gym. Teams were divided, according to age, into "Hags" and "Brats". Guess who was whom! Uncontrollable laughter robbed us of much of our athletic form, probably both literally and figuratively speaking, but the nice prizes were well earned, if sore muscles are any indication.



MARY BAILLIE, NAN SHOREY

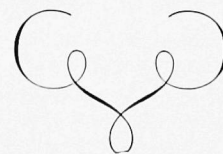
The casualty of the week-end occurred, when Nan Shorey painfully dislocated her toe, unsuccessfully emulating a certain species of primate. Miss Briggs' part, following the mishap was doubtless reminiscent of others she had played, throughout her many faithful years as trained nurse at King's Hall.

Having highlighted the events of the week-end one cannot but pause to comment first upon how old traditions are being carried on at K.H.C., and second the delightful spirit of hospitality shown us by Miss Gillard. With school so recently emptied of girls, the house was nevertheless organized to accommodate us with great comfort. All that hot water and those delicious meals! The present day girls are very lucky. I wonder what some of them who had to stay at school over that week-end thought, when they saw us all in action in the dining-room? We'll find out when they are Old Girls.

Regretfully leaving for home amid fond good-byes that Tuesday morning, most of us must have felt refreshed in spirit, if a little tired in body. Yes, I think I'd risk another burglary, I dare say others would risk broken toes, or frantic long distance calls from helpless husbands, etc., etc.,—to attend the next Reunion.

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## Goodbye Girls I'm Through Till Autumn!

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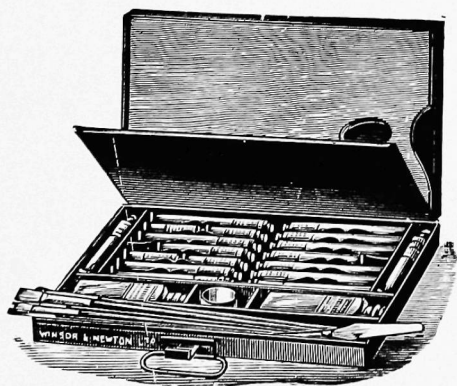
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# Autographs (continued)





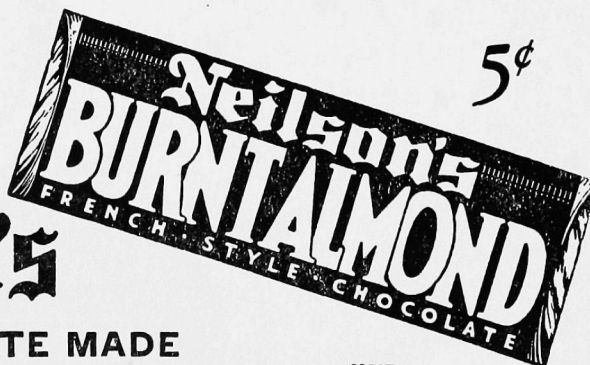
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in England in the 11th century as the "Eastern Nutte-Beam." It is used to some extent in medicinal and other preparations, but the nuts are chiefly used for eating. There are hard shell, soft shell and some specially thin-shelled varieties known as paper shells. The long almonds of Malaya, known as Jordan almonds and the broad almonds of Valencia are the most valued.

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